The Outlook

DECEMBER 29, 1920

LITTLE NATIONS AND BIG NATIONS

THE Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva has closed its 1920 session. That of 1921 will be held next September.

The outstanding events of this year's meeting were the actions taken concerning new members of the League, mandates, disarmament, and an international court.

As to the first, the Assembly dropped Greece from the list of the four smaller nations represented on the Council, elected the other three (Belgium, Brazil, and Spain) already designated by the Council, and substituted China for Greece. An immediate result may be to bring the Shantung issue earlier before the Council. Of the states applying for membership in the League, the Assembly elected Albania, Austria, Bulgaria, Costa Rica, Finland, and Luxemburg, thus increasing the total membership of states to forty-seven. The selection of the four smaller nations to be represented on the Council and the admission of new members to the League are specific powers that are granted to the Assembly in the League charter.

As regards the other three issues mentioned the Assembly suffered defeat through the influence of the big nations (England, France, Italy, and Japan) who are permanent members of the Council.

As to the Assembly's resolutions concerning mandates, Mr. Balfour, the principal British delegate, declared that the Council did not consider itself bound in the slightest by anything the Assembly did.

As to disarmament, the Assembly passed a meaningless resolution, namely, an appeal to the various governments not to increase their present expenditures for armaments during the next two years.

As to the court, the Assembly decided, as reported in the despatches, that the court would sit at The Hague and would have eleven judges, elected by the League. But it decided against compulsory jurisdiction. The smaller nations favored compulsory jurisdiction; the big nations did not. When it came to a question as to whether there would be a court without compulsory jurisdiction or no court, the big Powers had the way. Then Henri La Fontaine, of Belgium, declared:

> When it was announced that a Court of International Jurisdiction was to be set up, we all hoped that justice would replace force in the world. We have been bitterly deceived. The great majority of the nations of the world are forced to bow before a minority. . . . Not to compel the nations to resort to the court is to leave the way wide open to war. It means the maintenance of armaments. . . . We could have had a real court. You have ruined it.

But not entirely. It was provided that any states could enter into conventions and agreements among themselves for accepting compulsory jurisdiction by the new court. Thus those who wish compulsory jurisdiction may be able to get it. Such jurisdiction will comprise disputes concerning the interpretation of treaties or any question of international law, or the existence of any fact which, if established, would constitute a breach of an international obligation, and the nature or extent of reparation for such a breach.

Thus, despite the Assembly's exercise of its right to select the smaller states to be represented on the Council and to elect new members of the League, the 1920 meeting of the Assembly registered a victory of the Council as the controlling body.

IN THE ADRIATIC

AT Fiume there has been a bloodless war. Following the ratification by Italy and Jugoslavia of the Treaty of Rapallo, Gabriele d'Annunzio, in power at Fiume, declined to submit to the terms of the treaty and actually declared war on Italy. Possibly overawed by the forces which the Italian Government massed on the border, he called off his proposed war in a few days, but not before he had been encouraged by the disaffection of the crews of several Italian destroyers; the crews mutinied, imprisoned the officers, and took the vessels into Fiume Harbor.

Meanwhile Admiral Andrews, commander of the American warships in the Adriatic, on receiving news of the plight of the Russian refugees who had been disembarked along the coast, immediately began a work of relief, authorizing the fleet to do what it could, telegraphing to the Red Cross headquarters for help and receiving an allotment of 250,000 francs, setting up kitchens to provide food, also procuring baths and furnished houses and buying vaccine and other medicines.

THE RESTORATION OF CONSTANTINE

KING CONSTANTINE, of Greece, has returned after his exile of three years and a half. When he reached Athens, the people waved olive branches, danced about his carriage, and even kissed the harness of the horses. Constantine addressed the people from the balcony of his palace, declaring that he would establish internal unity and external peace by using the army to cultivate good relations with the Allied Powers. At night the celebration continued with thousands of houses illuminated, while from the Lykabettos, the commanding hill northeast of Athens, there flamed from an immense electric construction the words "Long live the King."

In Constantinople, however, the proceedings among the Greeks there caused by the return of the King were of a different nature. The supporters of Venizelos were in the majority. After a rough-and-tumble conflict with the Constantinists, they issued a statement to the effect that if to the votes of the Liberals of Greece were added those of unredeemed Greeks as well as of Greeks residing in Turkey, who unfortunately could not participate in the elections, it would be evident that the majority of Greater Greece was attached to the ideals embodied in Venizelos and upheld by the Allied Powers.

Constantinople may soon see the return of an American, once Ambassador there—Henry Morgenthau. He has been chosen by President Wilson to act as personal representative in the proposed mediation between the Armenians and the Turkish nationalists. Certainly if any one could deal with that situation it would doubtless be the diplomat who, when in Turkey, displayed remarkable tact in dealing with men of varying temperaments. He will have a redoubtable personality to deal with when he attempts to transact business with Mustapha Kemal, the Turkish Nationalist leader, who now is reported to have thrown off all disguise and

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openly to boast of his alliance with Bolshevist Russia.

FOUR DRIVES

THE Christmas season is becoming the season for drives. Certainly drives for the benefit of children ought to "go" at such a time.

One drive for them is that of the National Kindergarten Association for $100,000 with which to extend its work of bringing before the whole country the necessity of establishing kindergartens where there are none. It is a service not only to the children but to the community to implant very early the habits of industry and order in the coming generation. The address of this Association is 8 West Fortieth Street, New York City.

Another drive is that of the Grenfell Association. This is also largely for children, for there are many of them needing hospital treatment in Labrador and North Newfoundland. $1,500,000 is needed to put its hospital work on an endowed basis. Canada has already generously contributed; Newfoundland and England have sent substantial gifts and America is already helping; so far a fifth of the total has been given. The funds are to be invested, and only the interest used, the direction being in the hands of a board whose membership comprises men from all four contributing countries. The splendid work which Dr. Grenfell has built up during the past twenty-nine years will, we are sure, be perpetuated by his success in raising the amount desired. Checks may be sent to the Grenfell Association, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Another drive for practically an equal amount is that of the American Committee for Devastated France. Right now in December, 1920, French refugees are straggling back to their homes in the valleys of the Somme, the Oise, the Aisne, and the Marne. The American Committee's work is in the valley of the Aisne. There are still over half a million devastated homes, but the refugees would rather be unhappy there than be happy anywhere else. They need help. For the most part they are without food, clothes, shelter, farming tools. The French Government helps them all it can. But it cannot help enough. It cannot give them food or clothes. It cannot give them beds to replace those which the Boches have burned. It cannot supply enough agricultural implements to the men. It cannot give schoolbooks to the children. And it is particularly with regard to the children that the American Committee has been of great aid. They have refurnished the schools with proper equipment, and, what is more, they have given thousands of children a hot lunch every school day. They have supervised the children's physical welfare, for almost all of the little ones are suffering from skin disease due to practical starvation, and some of them have curvature of the spine because of the excessive work in fields under German taskmasters. Up to the last months the Committee's hospital work had cared for tens of thousands of patients and had established very many dispensaries. The Committee's New York City office is at 16 East Thirty-ninth Street.

"SAVIN' A LITTLE CHILD"

NOT least among the drives started in this holiday season in behalf of children is the splendid new endeavor of the following organizations working in common:

The American Relief Administration.
The American Red Cross.
The American Friends' Service Committee (Quakers).
The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ.
The Young Men's Christian Association.
The Young Women's Christian Association.
The Knights of Columbus (Roman Catholic).
The Jewish Joint Distribution Committee.

These organizations, under the general title of the European Relief Council, have dedicated themselves this winter to protect some 3,500,000 children of central and western Europe from death by starvation or disease, and these 3,500,000 are only the neediest among the 11,000,000 children left orphaned by the war. As Mr. Hoover, at the head of the European Relief Council, tells us:

> Children eight years old have not attained the size of a three-year-old baby. Their puny bodies have only a vestige of strength. Many of them cannot stand upon their feet, but crawl like little animals. Of such fuel pestilence makes quick work. Tuberculosis and typhus merely touch them and they are gone.
>
> These children must be saved for the Europe of to-morrow, if it is to be strong in body and sound in mind. . . . These children must, through our aid, be carried through this period of peril and be delivered to the future something more than physical weaklings, mental degenerates, and moral perverts.

Since the Armistice the American Relief Administration, under Mr. Hoover's direction, has carried the burden of daily food supplies to the undernourished children of Europe. In 1918 it fed six million children and in 1919 about two-thirds as many. The American Red Cross has reached hundreds of thousands of those children with medical help, rendered aid to mothers and new-born babes in makeshift maternity hospitals, and has fought typhus, tuberculosis, rickets, and kindred diseases over thousands of square miles. The other organizations have also done their part.

It will take $33,000,000 to carry their project of child saving through until the next European harvest. Of this, $23,000,000 must be provided for feeding children and $10,000,000 for medical service. The Council pledges itself that not one penny of contributed money will be used for overhead expenses; they will be met from the proceeds of the American Relief Administration's food-draft sales. Moreover, for every dollar contributed two dollars will be furnished in transportation, local food supplies, and labor by the government of the country aided and by local communities throughout that country. Thus the American dollar, plus the native two dollars, will give a child one meal a day for a month.

Your check should go to-day to Franklin K. Lane, Treasurer of the European Relief Council, 42 Broadway, New York City. For we agree with John Hay:

> I think that savin' a little child
> And bringin' him to his own
> Is a derned sight better business
> Than loafin' around the throne.

SENTIMENTALISM AND PREPAREDNESS

IN the report in which the Secretary of the Navy outlines the work accomplished by that essential organ of our Government during the past year appears a statement with which many will quarrel.

Mr. Daniels recommends the adoption of the building programme advocated by the General Board of the Navy, on the ground that the United States has not entered the League of Nations. He says:

> If the United States takes its stand with other countries in an organization to prevent war and promote peace, our present Navy, with the addition of some special types, such as flotilla leaders, airplane carriers, colliers, and tenders, will be adequate for our defense and the prevention of aggression. But if we are not to enter into a covenant with the other Powers

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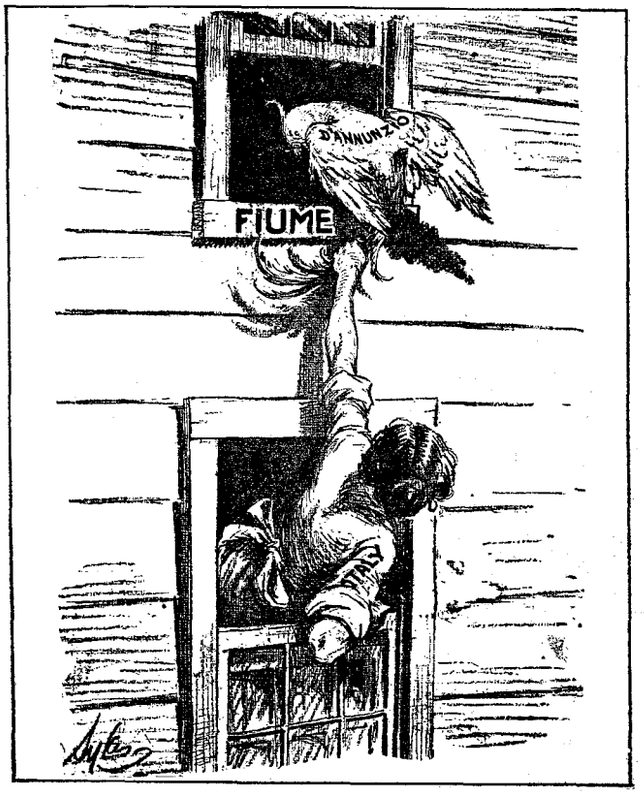
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Sykes in the Baltimore News



"OH, COME ON HOME!"

From Joseph Sklar, Baltimore, Maryland

Kuhn in the Rocky Mountain News

WILL HE SIT DOWN?

From George W. Bailey, Denver, Colorado

Warren in the Chicago Tribune

THREE IS A CROWD

From A. M. Hull, Chicago, Illinois

Burtt in the Knoxville Journal

A RUSH ORDER

From L. P. Miller, Russellville, Tennessee

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which are pledged to peace, if this country is to stand alone, outside any effective association of nations, we must be prepared to defend our interests against any possible opposition or combination. This will mean continuance of naval construction indefinitely, costly as this will be.

It is our opinion that a building programme for our Navy must be developed without reference to the existence or the non-existence of the present League of Nations. Even those who are ardent advocates of the League must admit that the League is largely in the status of an international experiment. The building programme of the American Navy must be adjusted to the building programmes of existing navies. If we can agree with other Great Powers for a common reduction of armaments, well and good; or if in time the League can bring about a general reduction of armament, it will be reasonable for us to agree to co-operate with other nations in such a movement.

Perhaps the programme advocated by the General Board is too large, perhaps it is too small, but the determination as to whether or not it is too large or too small must be made upon the consideration of the same factors which existed prior to the formation of the League.

It is not too much to say that the whole attitude of the retiring Administration towards the problem of preparedness has been governed throughout the past seven years by emotion rather than reason.

There is another fallacy in regard to preparedness which is again raising its head among journals of a pacifistic leaning. This is the old argument that because the cost of one battleship would endow a university we should therefore refrain from building a battleship. We may have too many battleships; undoubtedly we have been too niggardly in our support of our schools; but the proposition to stop building battleships because battleships cost more than schools is about as logical as a suggestion to stop buying overcoats because overcoats cost more than socks. The individual adjusts his expenses for clothing in a manner which will obtain for him the maximum possible amount of comfort and warmth. Various items of clothing are suited for various essential purposes. The individual cannot limit his purchase to any one article of clothing because that particular article is by itself cheaper than another. So the government, which must defend and protect as well as educate its people, cannot afford to neglect any essential function. It must cover the whole field of necessary governmental activity or it will perish.

VIOLENCE

ORDINARY citizens are not likely to witness crimes of violence. To all outward appearance life in America seems about as peaceful and as busy as usual. Nevertheless there is evidence that criminals are bolder than usual and are more inclined to use violent measures. Reports from various parts of the country have excited apprehension in the minds of many who as a rule never think of the underworld.

MRS. ELLEN O'GRADY, WHO HAS RESIGNED AS DEPUTY POLICE COMMISSIONER IN NEW YORK CITY

A few weeks ago Chicago rose to a bad eminence in the matter of crime. The head of the police there was dismissed and his successor put into effect measures which led criminals to believe that Chicago was becoming unsafe for them. Within the last two weeks New York has suffered in reputation because of violence and crime committed there. Hardly a day passes but some robbery or murder or hold-up is recorded on the front page of the newspapers. Thus the New York "Times," one of the most conservative journals in America, prints in headlines on Friday, December 17:

BANDITS KILL FIFTH AVENUE JEWELER;
BIND AND GAG 3 AND TAKE $50,000 GEMS;
VIGILANTES PROPOSED TO HALT CRIMES.

The next day, Saturday, appeared in the same paper the following headlines:

MORE HOLD-UPS, ONE VICTIM DYING;
FIFTH AVE. ORGANIZES FOR DEFENSE;
MAYOR SUGGESTS ARMING MESSENGERS.

In the meantime similar acts of violence have been reported from the Far West. During November newspapers printed accounts of serious crimes, including attacks on women. Finally, on December 9, three gangsters were seized by a hundred citizens at Santa Rosa, California, and lynched.

This revival of the spirit and method of the old California Vigilance Committees, which in the early days of California served to enforce a measure of order in a frontier community which lacked the more stable processes of government, may be necessary, but it is a grave reflection upon any community that has passed the frontier stage. The serious proposal made by citizens in New York to organize Vigilance Committees there is likewise a reflection on their municipal government. The Mayor of New York, without realizing that it is a confession of the weakness of his own administration, has advised citizens to obtain permits for carrying arms. Declaring that she had been hampered by the Police Commissioner in her efforts to protect women, Mrs. Ellen A. O'Grady, the first woman to be appointed Deputy Police Commissioner in New York, handed in her badge and resigned. Both the Mayor and his Police Commissioner, Enright, tried to discredit at first the reports of the increase in crime, but later issued drastic orders which constitute an acknowledgment of failure hitherto to cope with the situation.

In the meantime one of the bravest and most efficient police officers in New York City, Lieutenant Floyd Horton, lost his life in an attempt to arrest some bandits in a taxicab. The robbers had attacked two men and had started off in their automobile when Lieutenant Horton, in plain clothes and off duty, jumped upon the running-board and ordered the men to stop. When his order was disobeyed, he opened fire, and then one of the bandits shot him. He died within two hours. Though dying, he made a note of the number of the taxicab, which led to the discovery of the criminals. The police officers in New York are predominantly brave men and honest public servants. The citizens of New York owe it to them as well as to themselves to see that such a body of men is not left to the mercy of inefficient politicians.

DEMOCRACY AND ORDER

IT is alleged that this wave of crime that seems to be passing over the country is not unusual. The New York City Police Commissioner has, for example, issued figures which, he argues, show that crime is less prevalent now than it has been. The fact remains, whatever

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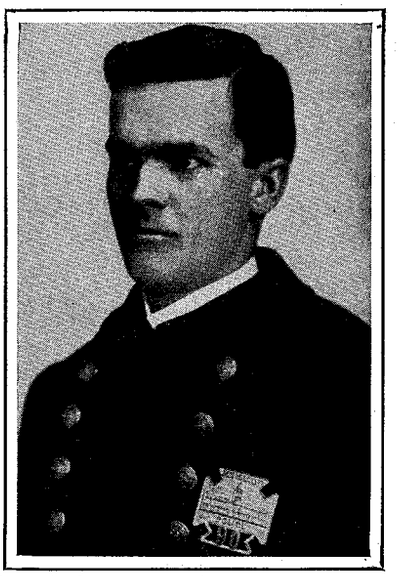
may be the truth with regard to this particular period, that America is disgracefully incapable or unwilling to control crime. Americans are inclined to regard Europe as in a condition of great disturbance and unrest, but we ought to realize that many Europeans are equally disposed to consider their own disturbed countries as safer places to live in than the United States of America.

An American citizen whose profession has required him to live some time in England, and who has lately returned to America with his family, has written to us of his impressions. Coming from England, spending some weeks in the East, and then going to the Pacific coast, he has been oppressed with a sense of American lawlessness. It is not merely the reports in the newspapers but his personal impressions of the people he has encountered that have led him to this conclusion. And he has found that thoughtful Americans of standing and information are, like him, concerned at the lack of regard for law. Indeed, he concludes that the law as it is usually applied to thugs and gunmen and gangsters, with "its long-winded procedure, its delays and appeals and technicalities, its letting off of bad men and women and turning them loose to commit further crime," does not command respect. He adds: "One should not respect what is not respectable."

This recently returned and patriotic American finds here at home, therefore, some justification for the impressions that people in England have obtained, for example, from such a book as Raymond B. Fosdick's "American Police Systems," which tells that Chicago, with a population of two and a half millions, had in the year 1916 twenty more murders than England and Wales put together, with their thirty-eight millions; that New York in that year had six times the number of homicides that London had; that Chicago, in proportion to the population, had thirty-five times as many premeditated murders; that Philadelphia beat Glasgow in the number of homicides in a three-year period, the populations of the two cities being about the same, by 281 to 38; and, to quote the phrase of the London "Sunday Observer," that "minor crimes are equally popular in American cities."

Our correspondent, having recently received a letter from England sympathizing with Americans because of their environment of crime, is inclined to think that we had better not try to improve conditions in Ireland by private or public investigations until we investigate and clean our own Augean stables. He thinks that we have been admitting too many of the criminal and anarchistic classes of whom foreign countries are willing to rid themselves, and that our American home life and methods of education tend to train children to be selfish. He suggests that the birch when properly applied is salutary and thinks that it is significant that it is less common in disorderly America than in orderly England. He urges a campaign for the simplification and the quick and strict enforcement of law.



International

LIEUTENANT FLOYD HORTON

Certainly any form of democracy or liberty, whether in a community or in a home, which cannot make a better showing with reference to lawlessness and crime than that of the United States cannot be said to be as yet wholly justified of its fruits.

A FARMERS' STRIKE

We have just received from a correspondent who is a miller in a small town in the Northwest an interesting pen picture of the way in which the farmers in his district have taken a leaf out of the note-book of labor organizations. Our correspondent writes as follows:

> You know, of course, that there is now going on a "Farmers' Strike" in the matter of marketing cereals. They refuse to sell their wheat at all. They claim that the price is too low. The price of No. 4 Dark Nineteen Spring wheat in this market is $1.19 a bushel of sixty pounds. Farmers claim it costs them $2.50 a bushel to produce. There is in the neighborhood of 100,000 bushels of wheat grown near enough to us to be marketed at this station. To date not over 5,000 bushels have been sold.
>
> This refusal of the farmers to sell is of course hard on all business men. It hits the country miller especially hard. We are not running more than two day shifts a week. Since the farmers do not sell wheat, they are not able or willing to liquidate store bills. Storekeepers must pay wholesale bills, and they have borrowed to their limit from the banks. The banker also cannot get settlements from the farmers and he is hard pressed. Altogether, it is not a pleasant situation. No one knows when it will end. It will not end until the price of wheat actually advances or until the farmer is satisfied that it is not going to advance. Farmers say they will sell wheat at $2 a bushel.
>
> An interesting fact may be recorded in reference to trade. The Christmas trade is nearly as good as usual. There has been an immense crop of poultry produced, mostly turkeys. From Thanksgiving up to the middle of December $25,000 worth of poultry has been shipped from this railway station, and the town has only 250 population and is not a county seat. I suppose other towns have done nearly as well. Turkeys bring forty-two cents a pound for plucked birds. One farmer told me he had marketed $500 worth of turkeys this week. He said his turkeys were almost as valuable as his wheat crop.

We have never believed that a strike was an efficient method of promoting either personal profit or general social welfare, but we see no reason why it is not just as reasonable for farmers to strike as for bricklayers or printers. Perhaps some day Americans will learn some other way of setting a broken bone in the economic body than one which leads to the breaking of all the other bones.

THE DEATH OF BISHOP BURCH

Charles Sumner Burch is dead at the early age of sixty-five. He had been Bishop of the Episcopal diocese of New York either as Suffragan or full Bishop for a little less than nine years.

His journalist's life before his entrance into the ministry had emphasized his conviction that religion was worthless on Sunday unless worth while every other day; this was evident in the many ways in which, whether as layman or ecclesiastic, he touched civic interests. To this conviction he joined a great compassionate charity. A third characteristic was his firmness in dealing with signs of restlessness within or without the Church.

Born in Michigan and educated at the University of Michigan, he once said: "The most appreciated honor of my life, I think, was my election to the editorship of the University 'Chronicle,' the college paper, except when I was made first baseman on the college

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baseball nine." He entered the profession of journalism as correspondent and reporter for the Detroit "Union," going thence to the Chicago "Industrial World;" afterwards taking charge of the Joliet "Sun," and then of the Kansas City "Argo;" finally, for nine years he was editor and manager of the Grand Rapids "Press." All this time he was actively engaged in church work. He became lay reader, and his thoughts turned definitely to the ministry. Long before he relinquished journalism he managed to get enough seminary training to entitle him to deacon's orders. In 1905 he became rector of St. Andrew's, Staten Island. He began extensive missionary work among the foreign communities of Greater New York, and particularly with the prisoners in the Tombs and other city prisons, a work whose real beginning lay in his early knowledge of prison conditions gained while he was police reporter.

A year after he had assumed the rectorship of St. Andrew's he was made Archdeacon, then Suffragan; and in 1919 succeeded Dr. Greer as Bishop. Contributing to the causes for his election to the bishopric was the fact that of all the candidates for preferment Dr. Burch was the least ecclesiastical.

A NEW OPPORTUNITY FOR THE STUDY OF POLITICS

In 1913 President Garfield, of Williams College, proposed an interesting plan for the study of politics and, in particular, for the promotion of a better understanding of international problems and relations. This was to bring together in Williamstown for a month or six weeks each summer a selected company of scholars and students; to offer courses of lectures by men of National and international distinction; to organize round-table discussions and to provide facilities for research and intensive instruction. Fortunately, he found a benefactor who provided funds to cover the expenses of the project for three years, including the remuneration of the lecturers and the provision of furnished houses for them while in Williamstown.

The war delayed the opening of this "Institute of Politics," but it is now announced that its first session will take place from July 28 to August 27, 1921. The high character of the session is evident from the names of those who form the Board of Advisers of the Institute—ex-President Taft, John Bassett Moore, and Philip Marshall Brown, Professors of International Law, respectively, at Columbia and Princeton; Archibald C. Coolidge, Professor of History at Harvard; W. W. Willoughby and Jesse S. Reeves, Professors of Political Science at Johns Hopkins University and at the University of Michigan, respectively; Presidents Alderman, Birge, and Judson, respectively, of the Universities of Virginia, Wisconsin, and Chicago; and James Brown Scott, Secretary of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

AT THE GATE

THE newspapers report that thousands of European immigrants are outside our gates waiting for admission and other thousands are ready to follow. In his article in this issue Mr. Knutson states authoritatively certain important facts concerning these incoming aliens. What shall we do with them?

It is proposed in Congress to shut the gates for twelve months. That may be very wise if our object is to get twelve months to study a National—yes, a world—problem of first importance; but it will be very foolish if we hope to settle the problem by postponing it, or have the notion that we can dismiss it for a twelvemonth that we may for that brief period devote ourselves to what we call our own interests. A ship-load of passengers may be kept in quarantine for twenty days while officials determine who of them can be allowed to land without peril to the community. So we may keep all immigrants in quarantine temporarily while we come to some wise decision how to separate the desirables from the undesirables, how to safeguard the welfare of America without disregarding the welfare of the world. But if we shut our gates for a twelvemonth it must be, not to dismiss the problem from our minds, but to give our minds to its just and wise solution.

What are our rights?

What are our duties?

The migration to America began three centuries ago. The only native Americans are the North American Indians. The rest of us are either immigrants or the children of immigrants. Our fathers claimed that the Indians did not own a continent which they did not cultivate. Can we claim monopoly in a continent which we only partially cultivate? How large a population, how complete a cultivation, gives the right of control? At what period in our National development did the imperfect ownership of the Indian tribes cease and the ownership of the white populations become complete? Or is it perhaps true that the ancient Hebrews were right in their theory of land tenure, that "the earth is Jehovah's," that we are but life tenants who in our use and enjoyment of the land must not forget the interests of our fellowmen and of posterity?

What are our duties? On consideration, it may appear that these two questions are not two, but one. We certainly have no duties that are not rights, perhaps no rights that are not duties.

We have no right to make this land a hospital for victims of contagious diseases, nor an insane asylum for cranks and crazy fanatics, nor a Botany Bay for criminals. We owe this safeguarding to each other; and we owe it to our children and our children's children. And we have no right to incur for them the peril of creating a mongrel population by the introduction of alien races with whom assimilation is improbable if not impossible, and whose residence within our borders would even now increase the peril of race conflicts. And, further, it may be claimed that it is right and expedient to exclude those who come as transients, intending to live as cheaply as possible, spend as little as possible, and then go back home to live at leisure on the harvest they have gathered here. How many there are of the diseased, the fanatics, the criminals, and the tramps is not known. We can guess; but guesses are not valuable. How to ascertain who belong to these four classes is an important part of our immigrant problem.

But, however great the number of undesirables may be, there are a large number of industrious workers who come hoping to find in a new world the means to better their condition and that of their children.

In the old world is famine; in the new world, bread enough and to spare.

In the old world, wars and rumors of wars; in the new world, peace.

In the old world, life in the past has been stereotyped and escape from the condition in which one was born has been difficult; in the new world, life is fluid; it is the world of opportunity.

Does the reader think that we paint America in too rosy colors? Perhaps. But these hopes beckon immigrants hither. And in thousands of instances these hopes are inspired by letters from friends who have preceded them.

What are our duties to these successors and followers of our forefathers—the honest, industrious immigrants?

And what are our duties to the countries from which they came? Taught by the events of the past six years, we surely cannot think that the condition of other lands does not concern us. Disease in

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other lands infects our own. We have banished yellow fever from the South by cleaning the harbor of Havana. The poverty of other lands impoverishes our own. We cannot sell the products of our industry to a people who have no products of their industry to give us in exchange. The low wage paid in other lands tends to lower our own standards, a tendency from which we endeavor to protect ourselves by a protective tariff. Discontent in other lands begets discontent in America. Bolshevism in Russia breeds Bolshevism in America, and the Irish rebellion in Dublin incites Irish mobs in New York City. Well-justified content in America is our only protection against justifiable discontent in other lands. No tariff laws or immigration laws will suffice.

No doubt we have a right, and therefore a duty, to exclude from America immigrants who come bringing with them the religious, race, and class hatreds of the Old World, who come as emissaries of popular discontent or class ambition. But it is no less our duty to welcome to industrial and educational opportunity those who come to seek here for themselves and their children some share in our inheritance of justice, liberty, and brotherhood.

It is a peculiarity of the Bible that in its prophetic pages can often be found inspirational instructions singularly adapted to our own time. We venture to suggest to Christian preachers and Jewish rabbis the first three verses of the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah as an appropriate text for the New Year:

> Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of Jehovah is risen upon thee. For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the peoples; but Jehovah will arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And nations shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

To establish a just and efficient quarantine to keep from our country criminals, fanatics, and contagious diseases is important; but not less important is it to welcome the men and women who bring to us the hopeful hearts and willing hands which make the wealth of the Nation. The country is threatened by two perils—an undiscriminating panic which would exclude all immigrants as undesirables and an undiscriminating greed which would open our gates to all immigrants as a convenient addition to our labor market. The one spirit is as morally unsound and as politically unwise as the other. America first, certainly. But not America only. We must consider the welfare of other peoples if we would promote our own. And we must see to it that those who pass our quarantine find here just laws, industrial freedom, and kindly neighborliness, a full share with us in that light and life of individual liberty and human brotherhood which is our inheritance.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE TRAGEDY OF GREAT CITIES

"AS the years increase," the Young-Old Philosopher was saying, "I marvel at the way I stand the strain of life in a great city. My telephone is forever jingling and jangling; there are sounds, however distant, from the noisy streets, that reach my high rooms; there are crowds in subways and trolleys, pushing and shoving one another like so many barbarians; there is riveting on ascending buildings; there are milk-wagons on cobblestones at early hours; there are mechanical records that bawl out at unseemly seasons from the house across the way, and— Oh, I could go on forever! You know as well as I; for you, too, live here."

We admitted that we did, and sometimes felt that our nerves would crack and crash.

"But," the Young-Old Philosopher went on, "it is not so much these tragedies that I object to as that greater tragedy of the spirit which takes place inevitably if we remain too long under the spell of this siren called Manhattan, and rest our heads—if one can call it resting—upon her granite heart. I mean the lack of real contact with those we love—the dread of casually calling upon a neighbor for fear of trespassing upon his or her sacred privacy. One must telephone in advance before one ventures to pay a visit. Why? Because our most intimate friends may be giving a dinner to which we, through no neglect, but simply because New York is not a village, have not been invited; and one does not like to impose one's self upon his friends, informally dressed, when some function is going on. Nor would one be entirely welcome, however graciously received. The pity of it is that we are all in a similar fix; and, owing to the cosmopolitan flavor of a town like New York, we must have distinct groups of friends, and some of the groups might clash with others, and mental friction would result. This is no one's fault; it is a condition that must be faced, and constitutes one of the penalties of life in a big city. The spontaneous—I was about to say, the human—thing is seldom done in New York. In the smaller towns I always feel that people come to know one another better, and lead a more natural existence. Little visits over the garden hedge; ten-minute gossips on a wide veranda, back from the street; accidental meetings at the market—these delicate pleasures are part and parcel of life in a city of thirty or even fifty thousand; they are unknown to us who live in Manhattan—that mad, sad, glad, perilous city by the sea.

"And we go at such a pace and are so filled with engagements that we have little leisure for a talk with ourselves. Often I stay at home, alone, and no power on earth can drag me out, because I wish to get acquainted with that *alter ego* of mine which, whenever I do converse with him, I find not so uninteresting a fellow. Those engagements with myself—ah! they are precious beyond belief. But think of having to make special arrangements to find out how you yourself feel and comprehend. It is foolish, it is actually funny; yet again it is the result of a condition.

"The other day so hurried was I that I had to tie a string around my finger to remember to call upon a sick friend in hospital. My bump of humor would have been touched if the situation had not been so serious. To think I had come to that! And the friend had been ill—seriously ill—five days before I knew of the tragic circumstance. He might have died in this wild, nervous, frenzied town without my hearing of it until after he was buried; and that thought brought me to my senses and caused me to take a solemn vow that never again would I allow so much time to elapse without calling upon that close and much-loved friend who lived just around the corner—yet, so devious are our paths, miles away from me.

"Why do these glittering lights attract us poor moths? Why do we make such slaves of ourselves, conscious that we are slaves, and never rebelling? There is something almost ignoble in our attitude toward the town. It crushes us and breaks us, yet we cling to it as though it were our master—as it is. And just beyond its limits there are the wide open spaces; across the river there are cool, lonely stretches of farmland, beckoning us perpetually. Yet we will not go. We strain at the leash once in a while; but mostly we remain quiescent, and think that this is life. It is only a barren existence, a process of hurry and madness that

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(C) Keystone

IN BEETHOVEN'S HOUSE AT BONN—THE PIANO USED BY THE COMPOSER

leads but to the sanitarium—if not, indeed, to the grave."

IN HONOR OF BEETHOVEN

MAKERS of musical programmes have been paying especial attention to the compositions of Beethoven this month, for it was on December 16 a hundred and fifty years ago that Beethoven was born. Enough time has elapsed to establish Beethoven's greatest compositions as among those works of art which survive all changes of idiom. Nobody to-day paints in the style of Rembrandt or writes in the style of Shakespeare, but no painting and no drama is more alive than theirs. So nobody to-day composes music in the style of Beethoven, but what living composer is more truly alive than he?

Sometimes we are inclined to think that the greatest ages in art are long past. In literature, what name more recent than that of Shakespeare can be written alongside the names of Æschylus and Euripides? In sculpture what name more recent than Michelangelo can be written alongside of Phidias and Praxiteles? But in music there are no names greater than that of Beethoven, who wrote within the lifetime of men now alive. Near as Beethoven is to our own times, however, his immortality is as certain as that of any great figure in any art.

Though such a genius as that of Beethoven cannot be accounted for, there are certain elements in his character and career that help to explain his greatness, or at least distinguish him from men whose work is not lasting. There are three elements that are especially worthy of note in these days.

In the first place, Beethoven was a master craftsman. It is the fashion nowadays in music to deride craftsmanship as if it were a false substitute for genius; but in Beethoven's case craftsmanship was essential to what his genius produced. He was a master of his mediums. He used his instruments as they were designed to be used. He was familiar with the conventional forms in which music had taken shape. He understood thoroughly the theories of his art. If frequently he set tasks which seemed beyond the range of the instruments, if he broke some of the old molds and fashioned new ones, if at times he set aside the theoretical rules that had been formulated, it was not out of ignorance, but out of an understanding of the nature of the instrument he was using, the purpose of the form that he was fashioning, the principle of the theory he discarded. Only a man thoroughly a master of his technique could have written, as Beethoven did, his greatest compositions when he was stone deaf.

In the second place, Beethoven's compositions were the product of incessant and enormous labor. His notebooks attest his assiduity. In art, spontaneity is never the product of unpremeditated impulse; it must come only by toil. Beethoven's work that remains the freshest to-day is that which was evolved only by shaping, pruning, altering, here a little, there a little, until the maker of it felt he had reached as nearly as possible his goal of perfection.

In the third place, Beethoven's labor was a labor of self-effacement. His art was not, in the current phrase, self-expression. He was not seeking to lay his heart open to the world. He was not selling his emotions at so much per. His art was an expression, or the striving after an expression, of life. It expressed himself only in so far as he succeeded in identifying himself with a greater life than that which can be compassed by the individual. The listener to the masterpieces of Beethoven is in communication with the stars. Consciously or unconsciously, deliberately or by instinct, Beethoven found about him fragments and out of them built a whole. Those temperamental souls that think they are doing great things when they tell what is inside of them are not artists. Beethoven was temperamental enough, in all conscience; but it is not because of his temperament that the world listens; it is rather because, whether through his temperament or in spite of it, he compassed within himself something of the life of all men.

Many of the observances of this Beethoven anniversary may have been perfunctory, but they will all have served their purpose if they remind people that the greatest music is not that which may give the greatest thrills, but that which makes life more understandable and invests human existence with a sense of nobility.

THE TURN IN THE TIDE

POPULAR sentiment, popular interest towards all phases of life, rises and falls like the tide. We advance by a process of approaching the mean through going to extremes.

In its attitude towards labor and industry the public has manifested this familiar method of dealing with matters of vital importance. A few decades ago industrialism held the upper hand. The great captains of industry were the popular heroes. They were regarded as the creators of our National prosperity, nor were the methods by which they attained success examined with any great closeness. As a protection against the exploitation of capital, labor was forced to the formation of Nation-wide unions, the ramifications of which touched almost every industry, except that of agriculture, in the country.

With the growing sense of the moral responsibility of the country to protect its citizens against exploitation and to further a higher standard of living, the sympathy of the country very generally turned from capital to labor. Strikers almost invariably enjoyed the support and sympathy of the public, and in many instances won their strikes because of this fact. Like capital in a previous generation, labor took advan-

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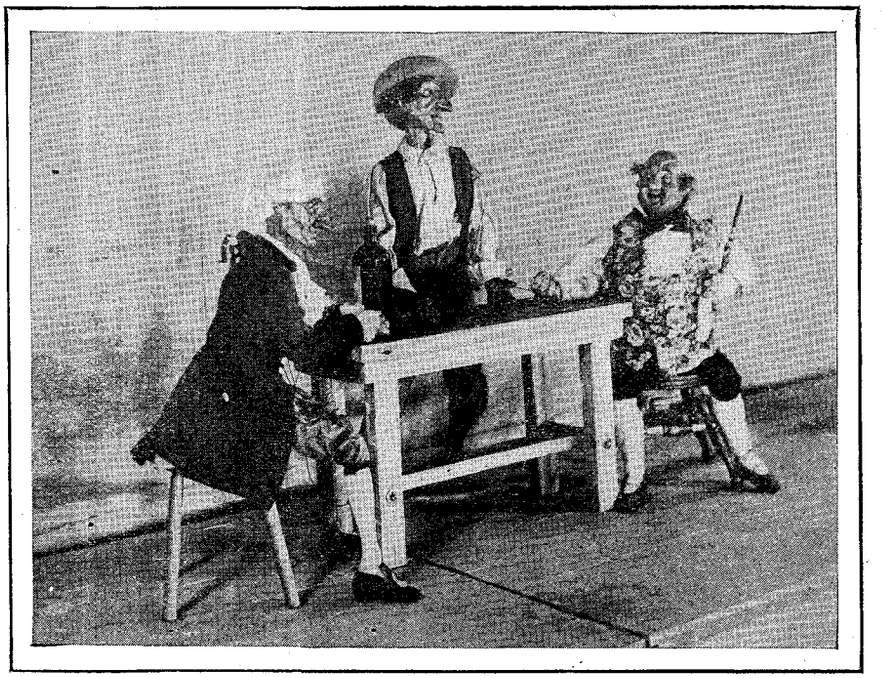
tage of the situation to press home its demands with increasing vigor and daring.

The culmination of this process was perhaps reached when the railway unions forced the Democratic Administration to pass the Adamson Bill under threat of a Nation-wide strike. It has seemed that the passage of this law lost more for the general labor movement than it gained. The tide of public sentiment in favor of the labor movement has ebbed from that time to this.

The widespread efforts to return American industry to the days of the open shop (we are not here discussing the rights or the wrongs of this proposal), the failure of the steel strike, the readiness with which the public has responded to appeals for volunteers to replace striking laborers in essential industries, are all floating straws which indicate which way the tide has turned. How far the tide will go will depend largely upon the wisdom which labor leaders manifest in their approach to the problem of adjusting our industrial relations in accordance with principles of equity. If labor leaders are to regain the sympathy which they once had, they must show a readiness to cooperate with industry towards the furtherance of production, they must be prepared to forego some of the privileges which they have gained through unionization in order that a better form of industrial democracy may be developed.

The capitalist who attempts to take an unfair advantage of the present situation and the labor leader who fails to comprehend the real interests of his movement will both of them be doing a disservice to themselves and to their common country.



TONY SARG'S MARIONETTES PLAY "RIP VAN WINKLE"

THE DRAMA ON STRINGS

THERE is an ancient and honorable art which goes back into the dim regions of history and which has flowered in a dozen different civilizations. Evidences of the antiquity of this art have been gathered from the tombs of the Egyptians and the ruins of Etruria. It was known to the ancient Greeks; it flourished, and still flourishes, in India and China; and modern Europe still turns to it for entertainment and recreation.

We refer to the art of the marionette, the art of conveying the essentials of drama by the use of puppets controlled and manipulated in a manner which might suggest to a person of pessimistic trend a whole philosophy of fatalism.

Save in limited localities, where the demands of some of our immigrant neighbors have kept alive the Old World art, the puppet show has not flourished in America. It might be interesting to speculate whether the absence of the puppet show from American life is due to over-sophistication or to a real lack of dramatic imagination in the American character.

Certainly the puppet show is art stripped to its essentials. It is an art which seeks to attain its end with few, or none, of those mechanical elaborations which American ingenuity has brought to the aid (or the suffocation) of the legitimate drama.

The puppet show, in its purity, is an attempt to convey dramatic incident through a medium which is of itself essentially undramatic. The emotions excited by hatred, fear, love, crime, passion, achievement, and failure are brought into reality by the means of figures with faces as unchanging as the masks of the actors of ancient Greece. To make such an attempt successful the spectator, as well as the god of the puppet world who pulls the strings, must be endowed with a truly creative imagination. The spectator must bring to the puppet show that Elizabethan quality of mind which found it stimulating rather than ridiculous to be confronted with a sign, "This is a Forest" or "This is a Castle," instead of the type of stage setting which has brought popular fame and fortune to David Belasco. With these facts in mind, it might be very well for us seriously to consider whether it is our superior wisdom or our sterile imagination which has made the puppet show a rarity in American life.

Perhaps there is some connection between the supposition which we have suggested and the fact that the best-known master of American puppets is at the same time the man who has imparted to his lay figures the greatest realism of form and action. Certainly Tony Sarg has introduced into his puppet dramas a technical development which is a departure from the essential idea of the art of the marionette. Yet if ever Mr. Sarg comes within the field of possible observation, any one who fails to see his puppet show will be depriving himself or herself of a real and stimulating pleasure. Properly to appreciate Mr. Sarg's art one should witness it in company with all the available children of the neighborhood. A child's observations at a puppet show have a very clarifying effect upon the mind too tightly bound by conventions and habits of thought. Through a child's eyes one can attain to that directness of vision which the older puppet dramas demanded and received from their spectators.

The reality of Mr. Sarg's presentations may be understood from a curious optical illusion which occurred at the conclusion of a recent performance of his version of "Rip Van Winkle." After the curtain closed for the last act it opened again, and Mr. Sarg himself stepped upon his diminutive stage to accept the well-earned applause of his audience. As he stooped to peer beneath the proscenium arch, his puppets strangely retained the appearance of distant life-size figures, while he

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himself loomed above them like some huge giant from another world. It was the living man who was thrown out of proportion by the comparison and not the lifeless figures on the stage.

The detail of Mr. Sarg's lay figures is admirably indicated by the illustration which accompanies this editorial—an illustration which shows Rip Van Winkle before his departure for the mountains chatting and chumming with his cronies, the innkeeper and the schoolmaster. Mr. Sarg's performance of Rip Van Winkle conveyed to the spectator a picture of the character and life of that beloved reprobate in which Joe Jefferson himself would have found delight.

A MUSICAL MISSIONARY

I DO not suppose that Arthur Whiting will thank me for calling him a missionary. But that is what he really is. And, in spite of the rebellion of revolutionaries like Stravinsky, musicians as well as scientists must, whether they like it or not, stand the consequences of facts.

I do not know any American who believes more profoundly than Arthur Whiting that music is one of the four great fine arts and should be cultivated, understood, and appreciated by every well-balanced and well-educated man, not merely because of its sensuous beauty, but because it is food for the spirit and the imagination.

I have forgotten what the text-books say, but I name the four great fine arts as follows: Painting, Sculpture (including architecture), Poetry, and Music. Every cultivated man enjoys, or pretends to enjoy, the first three. Unfortunately, large numbers of American men who would resent it if they were called barbarian or philistine apparently take some pride in saying that they "cannot tell one tune from another." It is conceivable that a man may enjoy and even appreciate painting and sculpture whose musical sense is wholly atrophied, as Darwin's was. But no man without some musical instinct and appreciation can really enjoy poetry, unless it be Amy Lowell's. For music is the very basis and soul of all poetry, save that of the hopeless futurists. Even Walt Whitman, the father and apostle of the herd of modern American writers of *vers libre*, wrote some of the most rhythmical and musical poetry in the English language. Only those who have some capacity for music can take in the whole beauty of "Captain, O My Captain!"

But to get back to Arthur Whiting. Actuated by a creed which I have thus roughly set forth, Arthur Whiting for more than ten years has been going to our American colleges and universities with the purpose of interesting undergraduates in music as one of the fine arts. A committee which has now been formed to give much-needed support to this real missionary work says of Whiting's university concerts:

> Mr. Whiting has given a course of five monthly concerts preceded by a talk on the character and form of the music. This fixes the attention of the students on important points and assists them to understand and to appreciate classical works until their tastes and standards become those of intelligent listeners. The programmes are of the highest order of chamber music, in the performance of which Mr. Whiting has had the assistance of many eminent vocal and instrumental artists. While modern and experimental works have been frequently presented, classical compositions predominate, and experience has shown that the programmes most appreciated are those devoted to a single master, preceded by a talk on his life and influence. Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms have each been the subject of an evening.
>
> The purpose of Mr. Whiting's work is to appeal to the more or less latent artistic and spiritual sense of American college men; to develop an appreciation of æsthetics, and to begin a layman's education in the art of music. From the year of the establishment of these "Expositions of Classical and Modern Chamber Music" they have been free to the students, and the attendance at each concert has averaged four hundred men. As the attendance is entirely voluntary, the interest and response of undergraduates has been an agreeable surprise to the resident Faculty and is truly indicative of the real value of these recitals.

1920–1921

Expositions of Classical and Modern Chamber Music

PROGRAMME I

Miss Loraine Wyman, Soprano
Mr. George Barrère, Flute
Mr. Herbert Dittler, Violin
Mr. Percy Such, Violoncello
Mr. Arthur Whiting, Harpsichord

(Flute, Violin, Violoncello, and Harpsichord)

F. COUPERIN, 1668–1733.
I. Musette.
II. Sarabande.
III. Forlane en Rondeau.

RAMEAU, 1683–1764.
I. Menuet.
II. L'Indiscrète.
III. Tambourin.

(Soprano)

CHANSONS POPULAIRES.
—Adieux à la Jeunesse.
—Le petit bois d'Amour.
—Pierre et sa Mie.
—Corbleu Marion.
—Margoton.

(Violoncello)

L. COUPERIN, 1630–1665.
I. Chanson Louis XIII.
II. Pavane.

(Flute)

DE CHAMBONNIERES, 1620-1670.
I. Sarabande.
II. Pavane.

LOEILLET, 1670–1728—Gigue.

(Harpsichord)

F. COUPERIN—Chaconne en Rondeaux

RAMEAU—Rigaudon.

(Soprano, Flute, Violin, Violoncello, and Harpsichord)

RAMEAU—CANTATE, "*Le Berger fidele.*"
I. Récitatif—Air plaintif.
II. Récitatif—Air gai.
III. Récitatif—Air vif et gracieux

The response of the undergraduates has been spontaneous and enthusiastic.

While Whiting is a musician in the highest sense of the word, he is not a "highbrow," and his comments on composers and musical compositions as he interprets his programmes to the undergraduates are delightful and sometimes laughter-exciting in their apposite wit and criticism. I append a specimen programme of this year's series.

Of two of the soloists on the programme it may be said in passing that Miss Wyman is an American singer trained in France, who sings French folk songs with a charm like that of Yvette Guilbert, and Mr. George Barrère is perhaps the greatest living flute player and a member of the New York Symphony Orchestra. So it will be seen that Whiting selects artists of the first rank as his expositors. Those who have heard the Whiting recitals, in which the best kind of talk is combined with the best kind of music, know how delightful they are. Indeed, it is not too much to say that they are *sui generis*, a Latin phrase which I use because it seems peculiarly applicable to any university undertaking.

As to the missionary himself, he is an American, born in Cambridge, Massachusetts; is a pianist and composer, having written orchestral and chamber music, songs, and pianoforte pieces; and his compositions have been played by the great symphonic orchestras and chamber music organizations.

But, unlike too many professional musicians, he has other interests than music—literature, for example, and even politics. I have had more than one political discussion with him, and they have not been *adagio* talks either. He has a marked gift for literary expression and a lively but unstinging (if there isn't such a word as unstinging there ought to be) critical sense. If the Fates had set him in the channel of literature instead of music, he could, I

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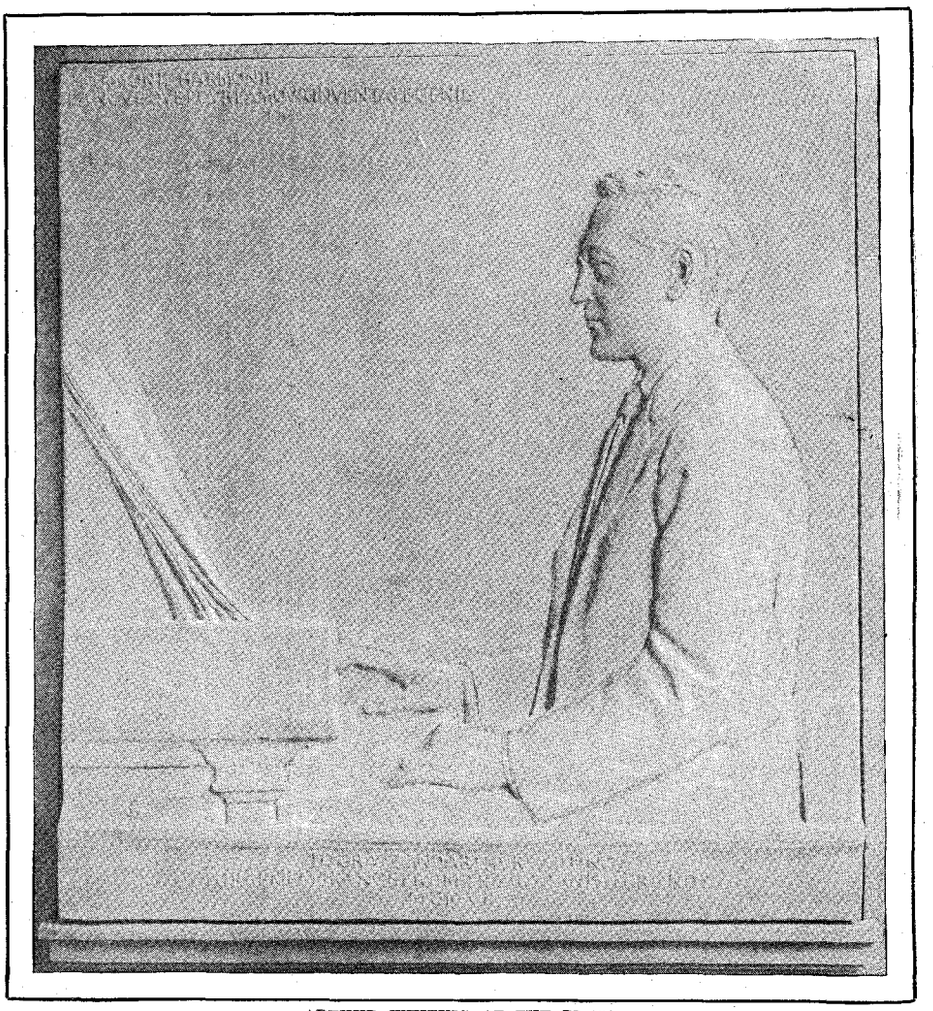
believe, have given Augustine Birrell a run for his money as an essayist. I say Augustine Birrell, because last night I happened to read in bed (a delightful although I am told an unhygienic habit) Birrell's essays on Cowper, Matthew Arnold, and Cardinal Newman. I do not know any English essayist of our time who combines more delightfully a gentle sense of humor, a delicate appreciation of literary values, and an unconventional humanism than this chancery barrister, who has been a university professor of law and head of the Department of Education in a British Cabinet, and who yet says that "book hunting" is his chief recreation, and who has done perhaps more than any other Englishman to reveal the springs of literary life to the ordinary and unsophisticated British reader.

But to get back again to Arthur Whiting. He has, as I have said, a Birrell-like, semi-humorous appreciation of what is genuine and spontaneous in human nature. For example, a few years ago he contributed to these pages an article on the American composer in which I find the following passage:

> The American of to-day is unique. He has his own face, his own way of doing and of feeling things. If his emotions have as yet no complete musical representation, it is not because they cannot be represented in tones, for we have one song at least—our beloved "Dixie"—which throbs exactly with the National pulse, and which is of such sterling worth that it has survived fifty years of hard usage, and is to-day as thrilling and impelling as when it led the tired marchers of the Potomac.
>
> The official and ceremonial hymn of a country is usually perfunctory and philistine. It is pious custom more than spontaneous feeling which brings us to our feet when we sing that commonplace tune which we borrowed from England which she borrowed from Germany, the words of which we vaguely remember to begin—
>
> "God save our 'tis of thee."
>
> I speak thus disrespectfully of our National anthem because it is not our National anthem; it is not a musical representation of our National feeling or experience. As to the verses, I leave them to any American conscience.
>
> If many of the accredited hymns of nations are characterless, there are at least three popular songs which are, in a real sense, national. The "Rákoczy March" of Hungary, the "Marseillaise" of France, and "Dixie" of America are intoxicants which stimulate the nerves of their respective races, so that the first two have often been forbidden by the police in times of special excitement. But there is nothing warlike or vengeful in our own song; it has good-natured energy, a certain confident strength; its saucy gait has humor; it is not theatrical, self-conscious, or sentimental—it is American character.



ARTHUR WHITING AT THE PIANO

From a bas-relief by Miss Frances Grimes presented to Mr. and Mrs. Whiting by a group of friends in Cornish, New Hampshire, where the Whitings then had their summer home. The inscription in the upper left-hand corner is a French quotation which may be translated: "Harmony, Harmony! The language which Genius invented for Love to speak"

I submit that this passage is indicative of good humor, good taste in music, and a good literary style.

If anything can soften the hearts of the average American undergraduates, so that they will not feel ashamed in displaying an interest in æsthetics, which they too often mistakenly think is a sign of effeminacy, it is music. For, as is well known, an English poet, William Congreve, who was certainly not a parlor snake, once made the statement—included in so many books of quotations that it has become trite—that "music hath charms, etc., etc." I do not finish the quotation lest some of my undergraduate readers resent an implied personal criticism.

As a matter of fact, the men at Princeton, Harvard, and Yale who have heard Mr. Whiting and his recitals will confirm all I say about their charm and usefulness. They ought to be extended to other colleges and universities, and for this purpose a committee of amateur music lovers has been organized in New York City which hopes not only to maintain the work as it is now carried on by Mr. Whiting, but to extend it. "The expense," says the committee, "cannot be met by the universities officially, and the concerts have been maintained since 1907 by a group of interested friends in the universities themselves and in New York. With the greatly increased cost of arranging for soloists, traveling, printing, etc., the combined funds from these sources no longer suffice, and unless a guarantee of a much wider and more generous support is quickly forthcoming, an important educational factor in the general musical life of our country is in grave danger of being lost."

Perhaps it is true that the expense cannot be met by the university officially, but it ought to be so met. Our universities bring professors of Greek poetry from the other side of the Atlantic. They ought to appropriate at least a small sum of money for the development of an appreciation of the best in music among their students. Nevertheless the committee should be supported in its work by lovers of music in all parts of the country. Contributions may be sent to the treasurer, Mrs. George Montgomery Tuttle, 103 East Seventy-fifth Street, New York City, who will also doubtless send information about this unique movement in American education to any who may be interested.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

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THE NOBLE SLAV. BY REMBRANDT

In the William K. Vanderbilt Bequest to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, now on exhibition at the Museum

The ten pictures bequeathed to the Museum by Mr. Vanderbilt are notable in quality. Perhaps the most remarkable is the example of Rembrandt's early work, shown above. In point of date, the earliest of Mr. Vanderbilt's pictures is Holbein's "Portrait of Lady Guildford." The Dutch school is represented by canvases by Albert Cuyp, Pieter de Hooch, and Willem van der Velde; the French school by Boucher and Greuze, and the English by Gainsborough and Reynolds

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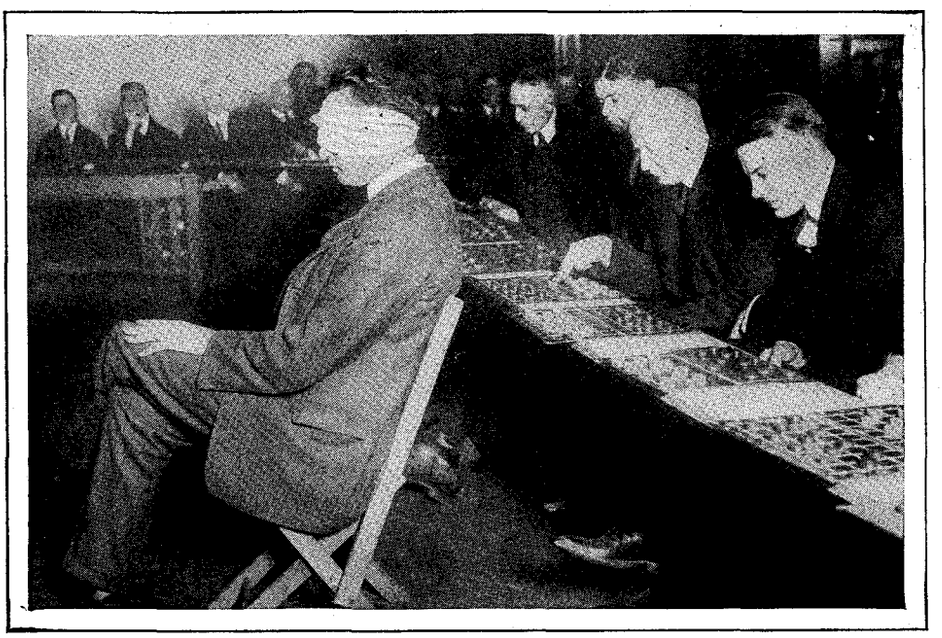
FUNERAL OF OFFICERS SLAIN IN DUBLIN AND BURIED FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY IN LONDON. DEAN HYLE IS AT THE LEFT

Wide World Photos

IRISH SYMPATHIZERS PRAYING AT THE GRAVES OF SINN FEIN PRISONERS KILLED WHILE ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE FROM BRITISH GUARDS IN DUBLIN

Wide World Photos

THE WAR IN IRELAND—MOURNERS OF BOTH SIDES



(C) Underwood & Underwood

THE CHECKER CHAMPION WINNING GAMES BLINDFOLDED

Newell W. Banks, U. S. Checker Champion, recently played 100 games in Chicago, winning 86 and tying 14

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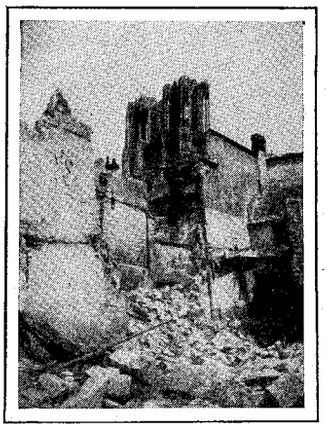
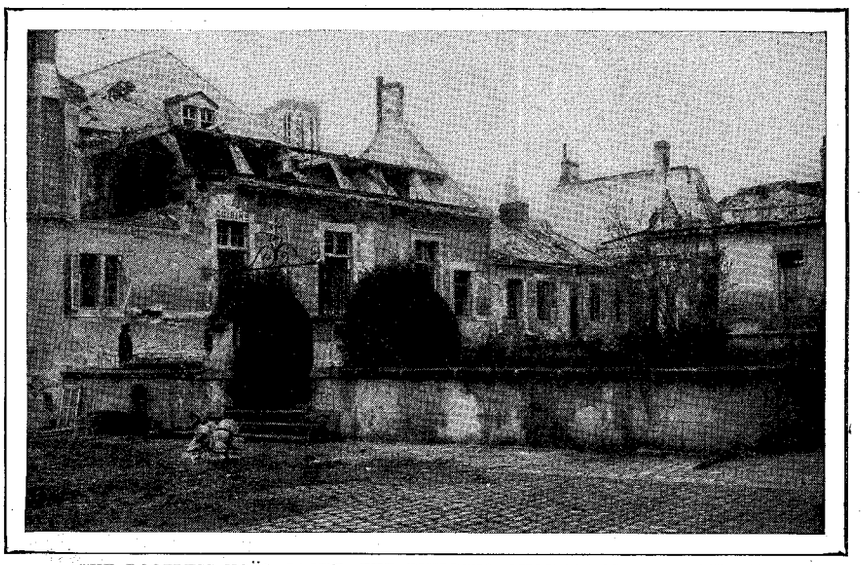


THE RUINS OF RHEIMS

THE STORY OF A RESURRECTION

AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER TO AMERICANS FROM RHEIMS

BY MARGARET SHIRLEY



THE ROOFLESS NOËL CAQUE—THE BUILDING CHOSEN FOR THE HOSPITAL

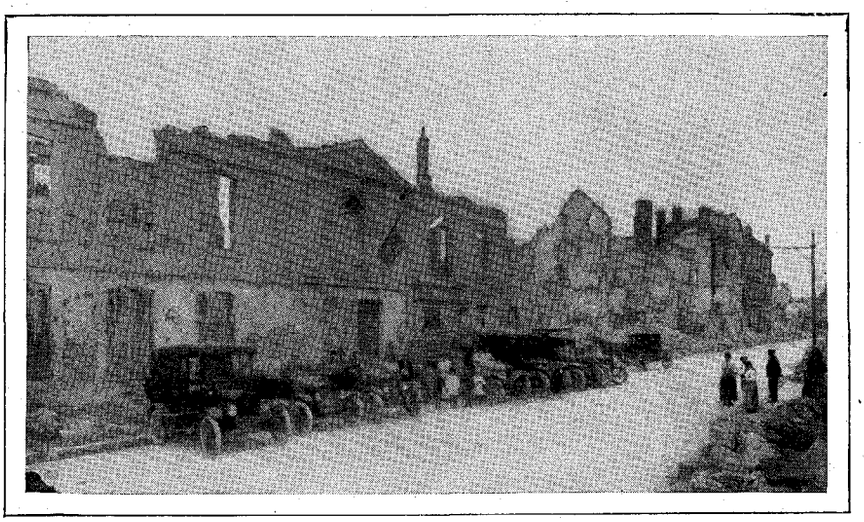
VERILY, the story of Rheims is the story of a resurrection, and the part that this little American Memorial Hospital has taken in it is very, very large. Immediately after the armistice the little band of hospital workers maintained on the front by our Women's Overseas Hospitals came back over the battle-line, establishing, in co-operation with the American Fund for French Wounded, relief stations for returning prisoners and the scattered inhabitants, who at once began flocking back to their shattered towns.

Following along the line, they came to the once rich and beautiful city of Rheims, now only heaps of rubbish and gaping walls. Here the celebrated champagne cellars had afforded not only a headquarters for the French troops but also shelter for a number of the inhabitants, and these, after the armistice, had come out to the light of day worn, half starved, and nerve-shattered, to find homes and possessions gone, families scattered or wiped out, and misery and confusion everywhere.

Dirty, weary, and footsore, they sought their home sites and patiently set about clearing the débris in the hope of finding at least a cellar fit for shelter. You can imagine what happened—the unexploded shells and ammunition that were encountered and inadvertently exploded, the tottering walls that were undermined and shaken down, and the gas pockets that were opened, allowing their poisonous contents to escape. Hundreds were being killed and injured daily. The city's hospital buildings were so badly wrecked and the staffs so depleted and overworked as to make it impossible for them to meet more than an infinitesimal part of the demands upon them, and our little band decided that here they must stay, where the need was so great—if a building could be improvised for their work! One rubbish heap after another was inspected, until was reached the broken-walled and roofless quadrant of the ancient Monastery and Hospital of St. Marcoul, built in 1645, and later added to and known as the Hôpital Noël Caque.

It would be difficult to imagine this city without the American Memorial Hospital, and, realizing this, the American Fund for French Wounded has raised a fund to be devoted to the erection of a permanent hospital in Rheims as a memorial to our men who died in France. It will be a very small hospital, out of all proportion to our wealth and greatness as a nation, and to our love and gratitude to those men; but it will be of far more use than a monument, and the city is very grateful. The pity of it is that the fund is not large enough to acquire the land on which to place the hospital. Each hospital bed is to be maintained in perpetuity by an endowment made by a friend or relative of some young American who gave his life in France. How many mothers would be glad to contribute the land by making a thank-offering, according to their means, for the safe return of their sons! If you can imagine a population of nearly 80,000, nine-tenths of whom are living in cellars, corners of shattered buildings, or temporary huts not much larger than those used in our streets for workmen's tools and shelters, you may have some idea of the Rheims of to-day and the staggering proposition this city faces with courage and even cheerfulness.

On June 1, 1920, the doors of the temporary quarters of the American Memorial Hospital at Rheims had been open one year. During that period 922



ALL READY AND THE DOORS OPENED!

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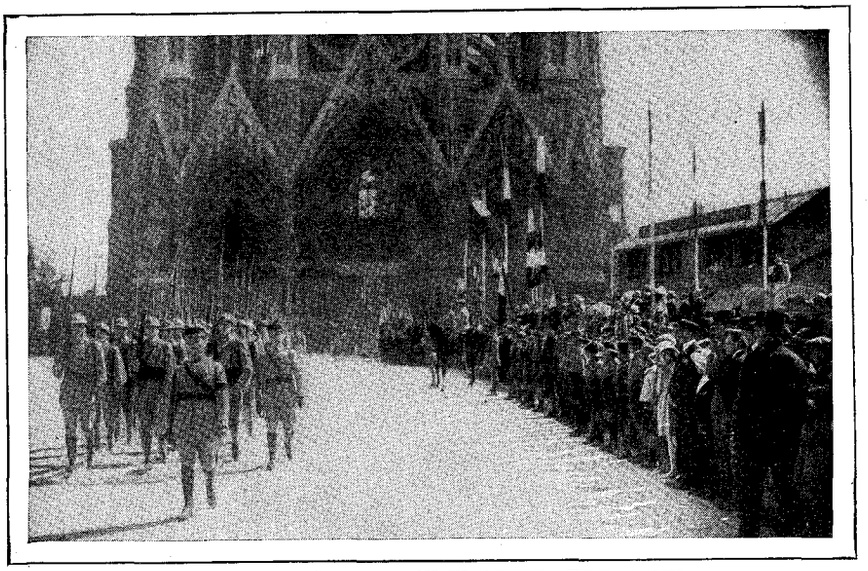
patients had been cared for in its wards and 12,920 in its clinics; 225 little sons and daughters of France had been born within its walls; and there had been only 20 deaths.

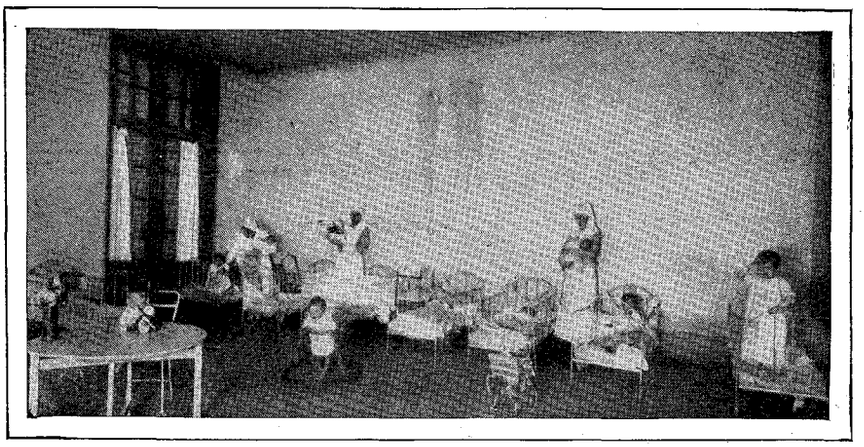
The gift of a layette is made to every new mother in the hospital, and it is pleasant to see these mothers departing for their homes with a good healthy baby and a neat little bundle containing all the wee things so necessary for the baby's health and comfort. For a French mother to be unable to array her baby daintily is to her a daily recurring disaster. Since June 1, 100 more babies have been born in the hospital, making in all 325 births.

If you want to see "team-work," you ought to spend a week at this hospital. Dr. Marie Louise Le Fort, an American of French parentage, is the *directrice*. High and low greet her with gratitude and affection. She is consulted on all matters pertaining to the city's health—and goodness knows how many others! She knows the people and the language perfectly. Dr. Alice M. Flood, also of New York, is the house physician and does all the medical work in the hospital and clinics, besides administering all finances. Dr. Ethel M. Grant, of Reading, near Boston, is the dentist. For eight months she was the only dentist in Rheims. Mrs. Marie Dawson, of Washington, D. C., keeps all records, receives all visitors, and attends with admirable courtesy and efficiency to all executive office details.



BASTILE DAY CELEBRATION IN RHEIMS—JULY 14, 1920

A "RESTORATION"

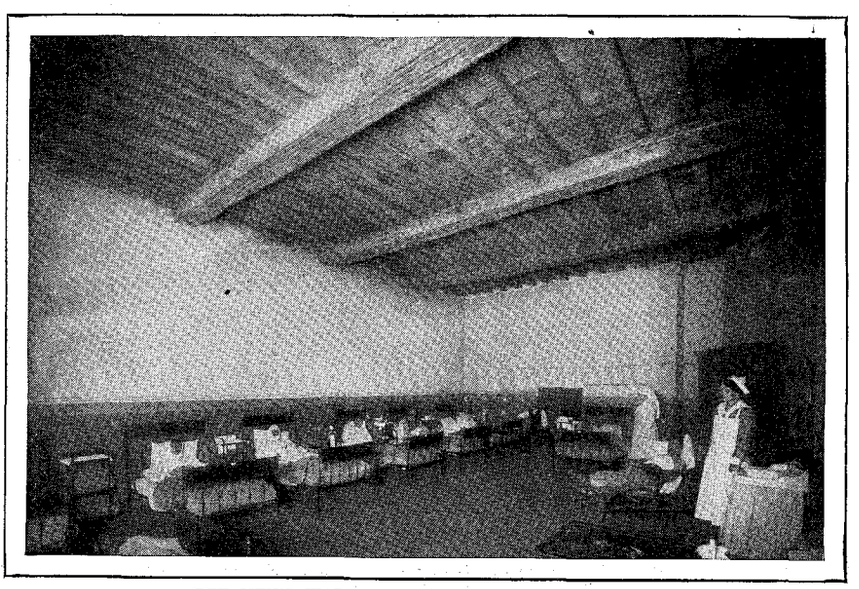


A GLIMPSE OF THE INFANTS' WARD

Although badly battered, the Cathedral's towers and walls withstood all the terrible bombardments, and its beautiful outline can still be seen for miles. A corrugated galvanized roof, put on immediately after the armistice, has done much to hold its walls together. Unfortunately, some of its windows have had to be filled solidly with bricks so that services may be held in a chapel. Every scrap of broken carving has been tenderly preserved and is being put together with wonderful care and precision. St. Remy, another noted and older edifice, pitifully shattered, is receiving the same minute attention, as are all the other beautiful and historic buildings. The people waste no time in self-pity or recrimination. All classes patiently settle down to hard labor, deprivation, and untold discomforts without a murmur. *France* has been hurt, *France* is suffering, and the individual is submerged.

And they take such care of our graves! Near here are an old couple who devote every Sunday to this work. Although the man travels on a cork leg, as the result of his service in the Franco-Prussian War, these old people walk miles to the large American cemetery at Ville-en-Tardenois, or at Fismes, carrying flowers to lay on the graves (as they express it) "of the sons of fathers and mothers so far away." Countless others—men, women, and children—are doing likewise.

If we could do nothing else, I wish we could devise some some way of creating a fund large enough to assure the life of this "temporary" hospital until the permanent one is an established fact.



THE MEN'S WARD—NOTE THE TIMBERED CEILING

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DEMOCRACY IN THE HOME

BY ESTELLA M. PLACE

THE ideal home is a miniature democracy in which each member has a voice in the management, but in which independence of action is encouraged so long as the best interests of the family are conserved. In the ideal home all legislation does not originate with the parents, but it is one in which they hold the veto power.

I think that I can make my meaning clearer by telling you about a home in which I lived for a year. The mother was a widow with four children. Mary, the eldest, was aged eighteen, Frank was fifteen, James was thirteen, and Helen eight. The mother had a small income, but not enough to support the family, so the three older children worked at whatever they could find to do to help out.

Every Saturday night was held what Frank called the family "powwow." The family earnings were counted and the uses to which they were to be put were decided upon. No one dictated, but each one felt free to suggest the way he or she thought the money could best be spent. Even the voice of little Helen was given consideration.

At one time when Mary had a new beau coming and she was anxious for a new parlor rug, they were all enthusiastic about helping her out. Then they urged that she get herself a new dress, as befitted the occasion. The next outlay was a new suit for Frank. The family budget was gone over together, and each member knew the status of the finances and the most pressing needs.

In all the time that I was in that home I did not hear the mother give a command, yet her judgment was respected as I have never known a mother's to be. She took it for granted that her children were going to do the right thing and acted accordingly.

The children asked the mother's advice in regard to everything, no matter how trivial. She would reply, "It looks to me this way," and then she would tell them what she thought about it; but she would always add, "But do just as you think best. You ought to know what is best." This left the decision with them, but I noticed that the mother's views usually carried, although the children thought they were deciding for themselves.

At one time Frank acted contrary to his mother's advice in a business deal and he lost out. When he told her the outcome, she did not criticise, but she smiled, and said: "Perhaps the experience is worth all it cost you."

There were no secrets in this home and fun ran riot. The evening meal was a jollification. Each one contributed his experiences of the day without fear of ridicule or unwanted advice. I have found that the advice that is sought is the advice most valued.

Though the spirit of this home was co-operative, it developed initiative and independence to a marked degree. Each one was encouraged to do the thing that he wanted most to do and the rest helped him in so far as they could.

In after years the members of this family became leaders in the communities in which they lived. They were known to be men and women of excellent judgment and with an interest in the general welfare of the community, which is only a very large family. Such men and women are the backbone of a successful democracy.

It is admitted that a democracy develops and trains the individual while an autocracy dwarfs and represses the possibilities within. The parent who is autocratic, who says do this and do that because I say so, without appealing to the reason and judgment of the child, can never create the ideal home, the one in which good citizens are made. The democratic home where the individual welfare and the general welfare are given due consideration, where conduct is the result of the appeal to reason, is as much the right of the child as a voice in his own government is the right of an adult. What is voting, anyway, but an appeal to our judgment and our interest in the general welfare? Responsibility is a powerful educator, and the earlier this training is begun the better.

THE TROUBLES OF A BENEVOLENT DESPOT

BY WILLIAM E. PULLIAM

FORMER RECEIVER-GENERAL OF DOMINICAN CUSTOMS

Wide World Photos

THE STATUE OF COLUMBUS IN SANTO DOMINGO, "THE FIRST PERMANENT CHRISTIAN SETTLEMENT IN THE NEW WORLD"

MUCH is heard these days about Haiti and the necessity for a sweeping investigation of the sensational charges recently made by Major-General Barnett, former head of the Marine Corps. In fact, a Naval Board of Inquiry has lately been engaged in Haiti on such an investigation. The field for such an investigation is also ripe in Santo Domingo. The island, which is the home of the Haitians, is also the home of the Dominican Republic, commonly known as Santo Domingo. The Spaniards in the early days of their settlement of Santo Domingo, which was the first permanent Christian settlement in the New World, referred to it in affectionate terms as La Cuna de America (the cradle of America). Our present military occupation extends to Santo Domingo, and somewhat similar charges have arisen in that country with reference to the unlawful, unwarranted, and brutal treatment of the natives. The authority for that statement is Archbishop Nouel, head of the

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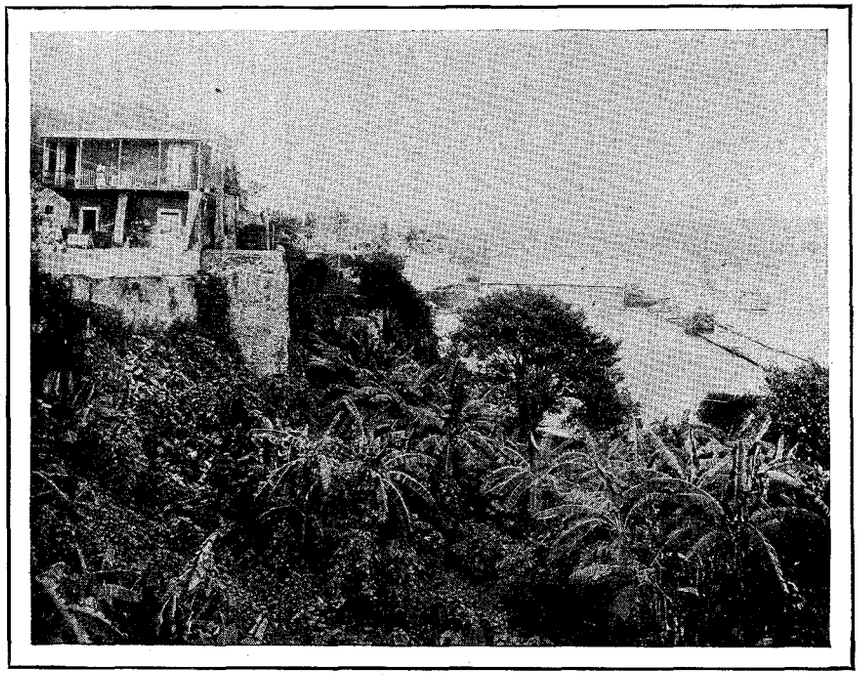
Church and at one time President of the Republic. His position and station in Santo Domingo correspond and are exactly analogous to those of Cardinal Mercier, of Belgium, who complained with pathetic but heroic vehemence against the conduct and action of the Germans. Cardinal Mercier's plea was heard around the world, but little or nothing is known about a similar plea made by the chief prelate of Santo Domingo.

Haiti occupies the western third of the island, with a dense population. A French *patois* is the spoken language. Santo Domingo has for its territory the eastern two-thirds of the island, with a sparse population, language Spanish. The land area is about twenty-five thousand square miles, practically equal to that of Ireland, and it would seem that there is much in common in the disturbed conditions prevailing in those two widely separated centers of unrest.

The American occupation of Haiti is officially justified by a treaty negotiated with that country in 1915, after Haiti was occupied by our military forces. Santo Domingo has been occupied forcibly since 1916. That small country, standing well within its rights, refused either to sanction or to grant a similar treaty along the lines laid down by the United States authorities, and for that refusal it has paid the penalty by being denied its sovereignty—sovereignty gained as the outcome of two successful revolutions, the first from Haiti in 1844, and subsequently re-established when the Spanish authority was driven from the island some twenty years later. Thus Santo Domingo gained her independence by resort to arms—in exactly the same manner that we obtained our independence from England during the reign of King George III. It is therefore permissible to argue that Haiti is estopped from denying the right of our occupation and the control that goes with it; but Santo Domingo certainly never surrendered her rights in the premises. Recently the State Department gave out a statement that "ninety per cent of the people of Santo Domingo favor the American occupation; only a few politicians are kicking at it." Such an official expression is palpably misleading, or, to be charitable, is to be excused on the ground of diplomatic license for extending the truth. Certainly no unfettered Dominican or well-posted foreigner in the island's affairs would indorse it. Blood is thicker than water the world over, and Dominicans cannot be blamed for entertaining exactly the same ideals about liberty and patriotism that Patrick Henry expounded to our forefathers. The great difficulty in this development is the lack of real interest on the part of the American people as to what should constitute our foreign policy toward people of the smaller nations of Central America and in the Caribbean. That policy should be a consistent one, at no time dependent upon a change of Administration at Washington. England, the greatest of colonizers and protectors of weak nations, doesn't alter her foreign policy and treatment of the small nations under her influence if the Conservatives happen to succeed the Liberals in power. Another phase to be considered is the regrettable tendency of our Government upon certain occasions to lose sight of the fact that missions such as we are now undertaking in Haiti and Santo Domingo constitute sacred trusts for which our officials must give an account of their stewardship, and their conduct while laboring among such wards should be most circumspect—even more so than if they were engaged at home. Fortunately, Secretary Root, when in charge of the State Department and directing our participation in the fiscal affairs of Santo Domingo in 1905 and the second occupation of Cuba, 1906–7, stressed this very phase in the timely and altruistic instructions which he gave to the various officials in charge of those important undertakings.



THE HARBOR OF SANTO DOMINGO, THE CHIEF PORT OF THE ISLAND, TO WHICH THE CITY GAVE ITS NAME AND WHICH HAS BEEN CALLED "THE CRADLE OF AMERICA"

During recent years the administration of the Philippines officered and directed by Americans has been practically obliterated. The Filipinos, who never gained their independence from Spain, have been placed by us virtually in complete charge and direction of their country's affairs. On the other hand, we have gone into Santo Domingo and Haiti—both of which countries had gained their independence, one from Spain and the other from France—and have removed or suppressed the native control of affairs. Is that consistent with our own understanding of the Monroe Doctrine? That instrument notifies the world to keep hands off the small nations of Latin America, and yet we have violated not only the spirit but the very vigor of that international guaranty which was supposed to protect the people who have now become its victims. It is quite true that there is work for Uncle Sam to do in the Caribbean and Central American states, but the methods employed at all times should be above and beyond justifiable criticism. What those countries need is a helping hand, but they do not crave the mailed fist. If our attitude is right, then we are entitled to and will receive their lasting gratitude. In other words, there is room and an opening for "mutual co-operation," which President Wilson declared to Latin America would be his constant aim.

It is true that there have been revolutions in Santo Domingo, some more severe than others, but revolutions with Dominicans were accepted by the people as a national pastime—just as bull-fights prevail in Spain. As a general rule there were few casualties in fights growing out of these revolutions; the contending forces were not armed with modern means of warfare, and between the so-called engagements the rival factions often would fraternize. These revolutions did retard the growth and development of the country—that is freely admitted; but wasn't it their country, and doesn't it so remain to-day?

The United States is on record as recognizing in the most positive manner the sovereignty of Santo Domingo. This was done when it negotiated and ratified a treaty with the Dominican Republic in 1907, for treaty-making is the highest attribute of a people in their dealings internationally with another nation. In order to be consistent, and particularly in the very common knowledge of conditions which prevailed elsewhere, it is not out of

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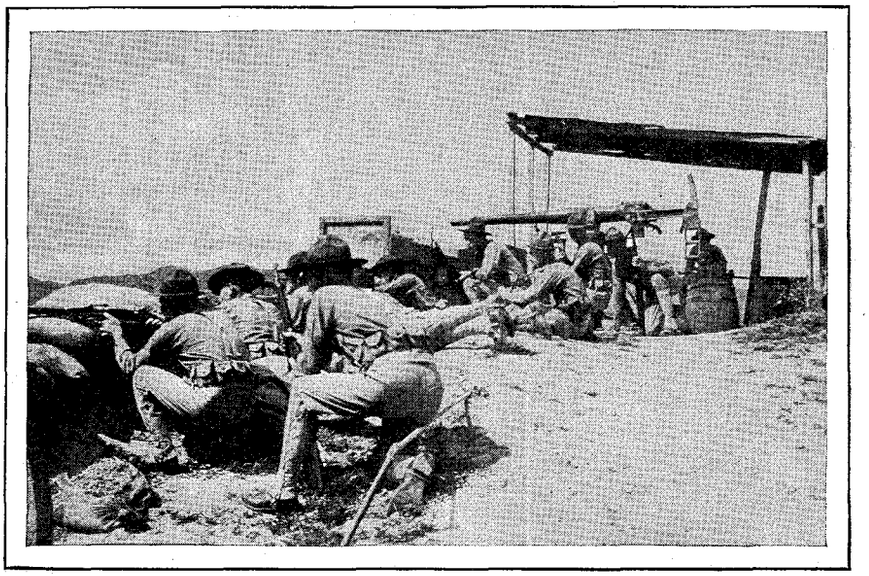
place to state that American citizens have not been murdered in Santo Domingo, neither have American interests been destroyed. No appeal for aid and protection had gone forth from American residents in Santo Domingo to the State Department. Furthermore, there had been no default of interest payment on the national refunded bonded indebtedness, for the very good reason that American officials had been in charge of that part of Dominican affairs for many years prior to the present situation discussed.

There is no proper ground for criticism of our Marine Corps. They are taught to follow instructions and to execute them. But there is severe criticism to be laid against a policy which sends American Marines on any mission not warranted by international law nor in keeping with the American conception of right and wrong.

President Wilson in March, 1913, issued a declaration of principles to the peoples of Latin America. In this he told them that one of the chief objects of his Administration would be to cultivate their friendship and deserve their confidence, and that "co-operation was possible only when supported at every turn by the orderly processes of just government, based upon law, not upon *arbitrary or irregular force*." Can our treatment of Santo Domingo be squared with the above pledge and promise? Is it in consonance with the doctrine of "self-determination for small nations"? Can we excuse it on the ground of our efficiency and that we are capable of conducting the affairs in those two small Republics better than the natives themselves? Wasn't that, in effect, exactly what the Germans pretended to the Belgians?



Marine Corps Pub. Bureau Photo

AMERICAN MARINES NEAR SANTIAGO, SANTO DOMINGO. "THERE IS NO GROUND FOR CRITICISM OF OUR MARINE CORPS. THEY ARE TAUGHT TO FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS"

The true American sentiment was admirably expressed by Secretary of War Baker when he told the visiting Filipino delegation (also in quest of independence) that "Americans love liberty too greatly to deny it to others."

All right; if that be our National standard, to which none would object, why, then, make an invidious distinction in the case of our weaker and unfortunate sister republics to the south? Certainly all Americans want to have not only America first but America fair—fair to gaze upon, and absolutely fair and on the level in all of its dealings with all people whoever they may be.

THE SUNSET

A HALF-TOLD TALE

BY NEWTON A. FUESSLE

THE brownish November drizzle met Miranda as she emerged from the office building. Ordinarily such an evening would have depressed her like a weight, but to-day she strode on with almost the elasticity of youth.

For once she felt singularly at home in New York. The chant of innumerable motor horns seemed to issue from less alien a world of ease. The amber headlights advancing in pairs and the ruby tail-lights receding singly seemed less hopelessly foreign to her as they slid smoothly along the glistening pavement. The lighted cliffs of Fifth Avenue's buildings filled her to-night with less feeling of inconsequence.

In one hand she grasped the broken handle of her umbrella; in the other she held tightly her purse. In it was $50. By painstaking maneuvering she had assembled this sum, the price the art dealer asked for "The Sunset."

For months she had coveted the meager oblong of painted canvas. A beneficent fate had led her into that dingy shop on the side street, for it was entirely unlike her to be hunting for objects of art. Her notion of pictures had been bounded on one side by the Sunday pictorial supplements and on the other by pictures that moved.

That first memorable half-hour in the shop full of pictures laid fingers of color and of romance upon her. It agitated her curiously. It disclosed hollows in her spirit that she had been unaware of. It was like going away on a vacation to hover in front of those placid tonal studies of woodland glades, those warm meadows, curving lanes, and old barns wrapped in the pearly glow of March mornings.

One picture among them had become a symbol to her of them all. "The Sunset," the weazened old dealer called it. There was an air of melancholy about it that wrung her spirit. She began constructing a mental picture of the artist who must have painted it. She imagined him toiling in some dilapidated building that housed his bare studio. She knew that he was young, that he must be painfully sensitive.

"That's a nice little job you're looking at," said the dealer, eying her absorption.

"Yes, it is," she answered, hesitantly. "It's an oil painting, isn't it?" she added, with an air of guilt, knowing that she was shopping only with her eyes.

"Every bit of it. Why don't you take it along? It's only fifty dollars. And that's giving it away."

Miranda realized that it might as well have been fifty thousand.

"I can't take it now, but I'd like to come in and look at it again some time."

"It may be gone. These things are snapped up."

Again and again Miranda paused at the shop to visit with the picture. It grew upon her, ushered her into new realms. A new sense of beauty began dawning upon her. It made the years behind her seem gray and meaningless. The chromos on the walls of her boarding-house began to offend her. She began visiting galleries and exhibits. Subtle changes made their way into her observations. New York became pictorial to her, so that at times she had to catch her breath in wonder.

"The Sunset" had grown to be a curious part of her. Its slanting rays

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reached like troubling fingers into her emotions and roused her mysteriously from the daze of drudgery in which she had traveled from a girl into an old maid.

Incipient love affairs of the past trickled back into her mind. She had almost forgotten that such things had ever existed. Years ago a man had accosted her on the street, but she had rebuffed him in terror; she wondered now if she ought not to have welcomed the flirtation. She found herself regretting that she had always quenched every romantic impulse.

"I'm going to buy 'The Sunset,'" she said to herself one day.

It was the first romantic impulse that had ever been made welcome in the dry, strict corridors of her spinster soul. Her decision excited her like an intrigue. It made her feel nearer to the artist. Already she speculated as to how he would spend the money. Some of it would go for tubes of paint, for brushes, for new canvas on which to paint new pictures. She trembled with the knowledge that she was herself drawing nearer to the mystic threshold of art. Every dollar she saved to carry out her project carried her a step closer.

More and more vividly she now pictured her artist. At times she felt a desire to discover where he had his studio, to catch a glimpse of him. But she was afraid.

She was jealous of the weazened dealer on whose walls the picture had hung all this time. She begrudged every moment that he could feast his eyes upon it. She resented his crafty air, his slovenly person. She hated everything about him. She felt like a Crusader; her sole objective became the rescue of her canvas from his hands. To-night as she entered the place with the purchase price finally in her purse, it was her hour of triumph. She could scarcely conceal the exultation that ran through her.

"I'll take it with me," she said, struggling to hold herself calm.

The foe took "The Sunset" off the wall and wrapped it up in a piece of newspaper.

Miranda handed him the money and took the picture in her hands, almost overcome at being its owner at last.

"It's a great work of art," she said, faintly.

And then she felt herself growing fainter and fainter. The walls were spinning like a whirligig. For the dealer had said:

"You bet your life it is, madam. I ought to know. I painted it myself."

EASY CHAIRS, ASSES, AND ATHLETES

BY C. WARD CRAMPTON, M.D.

THE issues raised by The Outlook in its recent number by the challenge from the Easy Chair under the title "Is the Athlete an Ass?" and "The Reply in Perspiration," present points of vital interest. If the whole truth were to be revealed, it is possible that these issues would transcend in interest and importance the income tax, the next Administration, or even the next world's war, for it seems to me that your writers have unlocked and pushed ajar the door of that place where the Lords of Life and Death play on the checkerboard of the universe the game of human lives and destiny of races.

Ten years ago, when I had just been installed as Director of Physical Education, Health Instruction, and Athletics for the New York City public schools, I sat in my office attacking the task of providing for our three-quarters of a million children, when the door was thrown open and one of the leaders of educational thought burst in upon me in characteristic fashion and exclaimed:

"Crampton, what's all this about exercise? I do not believe in it at all. Look at me! I have never exercised, and, what is more, I am never going to."

I looked him over, and saw a wonderful head, a pallid face, a pair of keen eyes from which flashed a spirit of great power, and a pair of thin shoulders from which hung a narrow black coat; a superb intellectual structure upon a mean physical base. His aggressive, dictatorial spirit I knew precluded fruitful argument, so I remembered old advice: "Ephraim is joined to his idols. Let him alone." So I did. I have no doubt that he followed his intention, for his vacations grew longer and more frequent, and finally he went on his long vacation.

He is dead.

This man committed a crime. He had no right to die. He was one of New York's most useful citizens, for he had developed a system of education that had brought to hundreds of thousands of newly arrived Americans, strange to our customs, the best in art, literature, music, and the spirit of our American social and political institutions. He was a pioneer in Americanization to whom the whole of the United States owed a great debt of gratitude, but when he was needed the most he was gone; not killed in action, but destroyed by his stubborn refusal to obey the immutable laws of the Supreme Commander of all of the Soldiers of the Common Good.

Shortly thereafter I was invited to luncheon in the Bowling Green Building by one of the leading young business philanthropists of the city, for a discussion of the problem of moral instruction. He came in a few minutes late, and apologized briefly:

"I have just come from the gymnasium. I take the hour between eleven and twelve, three times a week, for exercise, and I find that it does me a great deal of good."

He was a great young man. He had to be, for he personally directed a business involving many hundreds of millions of dollars. During the last decade he has doubled his fortune and has given much of his time and his money to large health and education movements. At a conservative estimate, he has saved over ten thousand lives.

He is alive!

And, what is more, he enjoys good health and has the superb promise of many years more for the enjoyment of his personal position and power and for the greater service of mankind.

One of these men, in true mediæval fashion, acted as if he were a disembodied spirit, his flesh a mere despised incumbrance. The other recognized that his body might seriously handicap his career and bring it to an untimely end, or, on the other hand, that it could be the unfailing support of a high purpose and add vigor to spirit as "a temple of the Holy Ghost."

Modern civilized man has surrounded himself with so many forms of ease that his survival from day to day no longer depends upon muscular exercise. His ultimate survival does depend upon muscular exercise, for he still possesses an old-fashioned body.

The reason that a man to-day is more than fifty per cent muscle by weight, the reason that the brain is more than fifty per cent concerned directly with muscular movement, is that his parents and grandparents for countless generations have been muscle-working men. They had to run, jump, climb, throw, swim, dig, struggle, and fight to get their food and to defend themselves from their enemies. Those who were able and fit for these forms of muscular work survived, and we are their sons and daughters. Those who could not do these things died and left none of their kind behind them. This is the reason why we have a bodily mechanism attuned to the rhythm of labor, the reason why our bodies cannot be kept well and efficient without muscular work.

Of course there are substitutes for exercise—cocktails, cigars, tonics, glandular extracts, and masseurs of various kinds and degrees; but they are sub-

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stitutes, and, like paper trousers, they have their limitations.

The physiology of the need of exercise is in the main very simple. The muscular contraction uses oxygen and carbohydrates, which must be replaced. It produces carbon dioxide and other waste, which must be removed. The lungs, heart, arteries, and veins are called upon at once for increased activity to serve these processes, and muscular exercise becomes at once exercise of the circulatory and respiratory systems. The carbohydrates must be replaced by food and the gastro-intestinal tract with all of its accessories is called upon for activity, and muscular exercise becomes digestive exercise. The nervous system must direct both muscular and organic activity. In brief, muscular work is a means of heightening the activity of the whole organic complex and relieving it from the perils of stagnation, auto-intoxication, and congestion. Moreover, contrary to public opinion, large muscles are not necessary; they are out of date except for the physical culture advertisement and the seashore—for display purposes only. The long-cherished biceps is not half as important as the neck muscles, the anterior abdominal wall is perhaps still more worthy of development, while the muscles in the walls of the arteries are most important of all.

The lack of muscular exercise, resulting in insufficient organic exercise, is largely responsible for the shortening of the lives of men past middle age. Civilization is good for children and the average life has been increased, yet the expectation of life of the man of forty is decreasing approximately three per cent each decade, or about thirty-six days each year. The old American stock dies quicker and breeds less than the new; our "best" people are not our biological best.

We are afflicted with an altogether new series of ease diseases, the chief of which is the group that results from high blood pressure and hardened arteries. They are mollycoddle, tabby-cat, indoor things we have literally wished on ourselves.

The modern man knows he needs exercise, but stands confused and assailed by the clamor of many systems of physical culture which promise health, strength, vigor, and comeliness. Some of these systems do a great deal of good, some of them do harm; but inasmuch as all of them are muscular exercise to some degree they cannot escape conferring some benefit. There are as many different kinds of exercise as there are varieties of food. One can in general prescribe exercise as one can prescribe the right kinds of food for every one to eat, although "one man's meat is another man's poison." An individual prescription by a physician who knows men, medicine, and muscles is the best.

Unfortunately, few physicians have developed this line, but we are coming to the time when the most valued prescriptions will be those cleverly applying the latest sciences of living to life itself, to the end that a man may maintain his maximum productivity, his best health, longest years, and happiest days proving the compatibility of health, happiness, and efficiency. This is the new field for the doctor—constructive medicine.

If one must present a typical programme for the business man of forty-five, it would be as follows:

Morning exercise from seven to eight minutes, emphasizing the training of the neck and trunk muscles, without fatigue and without perspiration.

He should have, in addition, not less than forty-five minutes' straight-away walk every day of his life—an hour is better.

Three times a week, for a half-hour or so, he should have a thorough "work out" of vigorous exercise, preferably in recreative form.

Once a week a half-day of golf or its equivalent.

The period of morning exercise is the one item of the programme other than walking that is within the reach of every one who has sufficient interest and will power to get out of bed a few minutes before the usual time. It brings great rewards in a clear, sharp appetite for breakfast, a brisker step, and a higher head throughout the day, and a cleaner, better-toned set of tissues throughout the body. It has a cumulative effect and makes for a body habit of vigor. It makes for endurance and develops a margin of power which can be called upon in an emergency.

One of my friends in the West, a man of sixty, the manager of a great manufacturing concern with branches all over the United States, is a most methodical person, and it shows in his morning exercise. He has his special movements, which he studied out under medical direction, as best suited to his needs.

A few days ago he drove his automobile, a great heavy car, over a by-road that had recently been worked by the local farmers so that it presented the appearance and substance of a morass. Far from help, he was thrown on his own resources. He worked with jack, lever, and shovel unremittingly for eight hours till the car was through and on its way. His clothing was wrecked, but aside from a few blisters there was no mark upon him and he was fresher and more vigorous for his experience. Without a single stiff muscle or strained ligament the next day he carried through a big piece of business administration. He was trained. With a little steady, persistent work he developed a margin of power that will carry him safely through many of the stresses of business, disease, and accident that would cripple or kill a lesser man. In accord with his invariable practice, he received large returns from small investments—a larger lease of life and a greater zest in it from a few minutes a day; interest at ten thousand per cent!

One of your writers, while eloquently extolling the benefits of ease and relaxation, inveighs against hectic athletics. While his doctrine is dangerous, he merits both attack and defense. He is right both as to the benefits of rest and the dangers of athletics, but he draws the curtain from only one-half the picture of truth.

The typical neurasthenic business man attacks his golf with the same avidity he would a contract. If he is called upon to change an automobile tire, he fights it like a madman. To such a man wrong exercise is destructive. He needs some kinds of motor recreation that will give his adrenals a rest.

Your writer's exceptions to the intensive athletics are well taken. But athletics are nature's schooling for survival. The boy in the game is living a "historical present." So does the man who goes fishing or hunting or experiences the thrill of vicarious combat at a football game. Athletics need correction, regulation, and distribution. They are too frequently intensive, confined to those who need them least. They should be extensive and reach the needy crowd. They belong to education and to life and should be regulated by the proper persons.

The apostle of ease has something to learn of the joys of relaxation if he has had too much of it. The man who has been living a coddled life can never experience the singing, restful happiness that is thoroughly earned by a day filled with accomplishment and vigorous exercise to the point of weariness.

Your apostle of perspiration has hit one nail squarely on the head. His experience at Plattsburg taught him that a man is at his best when he has been thoroughly physically trained as if to fight the fight of his life. It is not until he becomes physically fit that he can enjoy the various refined products of civilization to the full with impunity. Art, music, and literature rest on the basis of action and experience, not upon repose and contemplation, which merely circumstance their appreciation.

We cannot, however, always live the Plattsburg life. We have not the time. The modern world must be administered, the fruits of progress conserved and advanced. No one can spend all his lifetime in caring for and developing his own machinery.

There is work to do.

The problem resolves itself into the adaptation of an old-fashioned body to a new-fashioned set of conditions, avoiding the danger of biological death, conserving and developing the physical forces to support and grace an advancing upward life.

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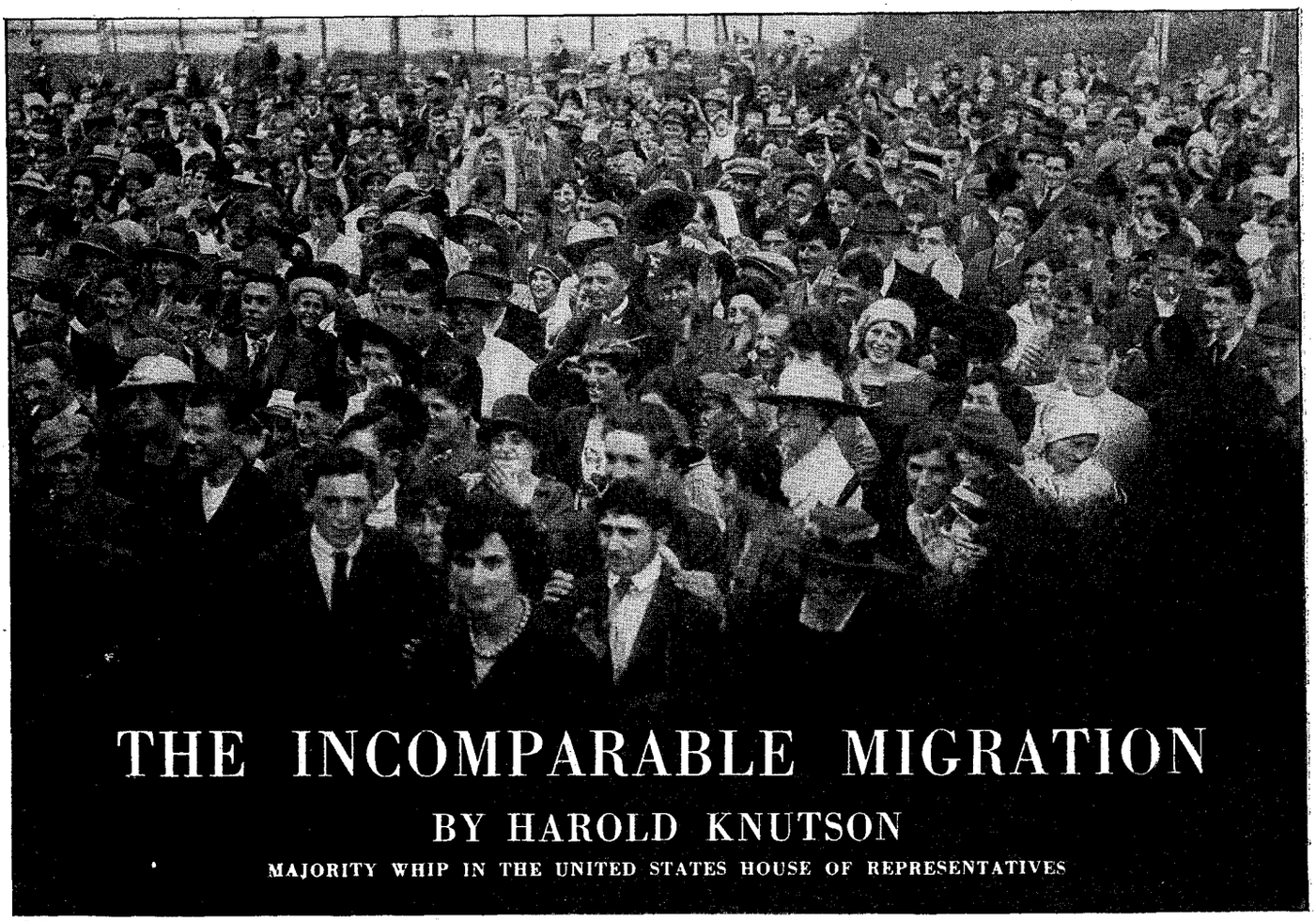

THE INCOMPARABLE MIGRATION

BY HAROLD KNUTSON

MAJORITY WHIP IN THE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

(C) Keystone

THE first historic reference to any general migration of a people is found in the twelfth chapter of Genesis, where we are told that Abraham, following the command of God, took his tribe from Haran in Mesopotamia into the land of Canaan. Since the migration of the Israelites under Abraham there has been a constant movement of people from one part of the earth to another. Until comparatively recent times no governmental restrictions were found necessary to place on wanderers, but as society became more highly organized, and civil and property rights more clearly defined, nation after nation found it necessary to impose such regulations and restrictions as would tend to safeguard the interests of the country to which the immigrant sought admission.

Thus it was necessary for Congress to impose certain passport requirements on persons seeking to enter or leave this country after our entrance into the World War. All who had looked into this subject foresaw a large influx of immigration into this country following the conclusion of peace. The past year has fulfilled this expectation and amply justified the precaution taken by Congress. If anything, I should say that we had rather underestimated the volume of immigration that would set in after the war.

It is interesting to note how immigration to this country has grown the past one hundred years. I herewith submit a short table giving such immigration by decades:

1821–1830...	143,439	1861–1870...	2,318,824
1831–1840...	599,125	1871–1880...	2,812,191
1841–1850...	1,713,251	1881–1890...	5,246,616
1851–1860...	2,598,214	1891–1900...	3,844,426

From 1900 to 1910 8,796,308 immigrants, or nearly three times as many as in the previous decade, came to our shores. The above figures are extremely interesting, and furnish much food for thought for the student of political economy.

During the past year six hundred thousand immigrants have come here from Europe, most of them from the southern part, where we have in the past looked for our cheap and unskilled labor. To-day Ellis Island, the main gate of entry into this country, is crowded far beyond its capacity, and as a result it is not possible for our immigration officials to examine each candidate for admission with that care which the best interests of the country demand. To meet the situation temporarily the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization of the House authorized its chairman, Congressman Albert Johnson, to report out a bill on the first day of the present session that will limit entry into this country to certain near blood relatives in direct line of American citizens and of those who have declared their intention of becoming citizens. The strong features of this bill, which, by the way, is only intended as a temporary stop-gap measure to give the Committee time to work out carefully a permanent immigration law, is that the citizen or declarant must first make application for the relative's admission, also that a suitable bond may be required of the petitioner to insure that the newcomer will not become a public charge. If the Commissioner of Immigration is satisfied that such relative is likely to prove a desirable acquisition, he may issue a permit under such regulations as he may prescribe. The good features of these provisos are obvious.

In the attempt to mold our opinions and conclusions into the enactment of permanent immigration legislation, careful consideration must be given to several important phases of this great question.

The first of these, of course, is the economic one. Shall we permit hundreds of thousands of unskilled laborers to flood our overcrowded cities when the question of unemployment is already causing us grave concern?

Secondly, shall we give welcome to men whose coming to this country results from a desire on the part of certain foreign governments to rid themselves of desperate members of the Red hordes now overrunning Europe?

Of course, in making the final decision we must be fair to those who in good faith, and weary of the old order

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International

AMERICA NEEDS MEN LIKE THESE ON HER FIELDS BUT NOT IN HER CITIES

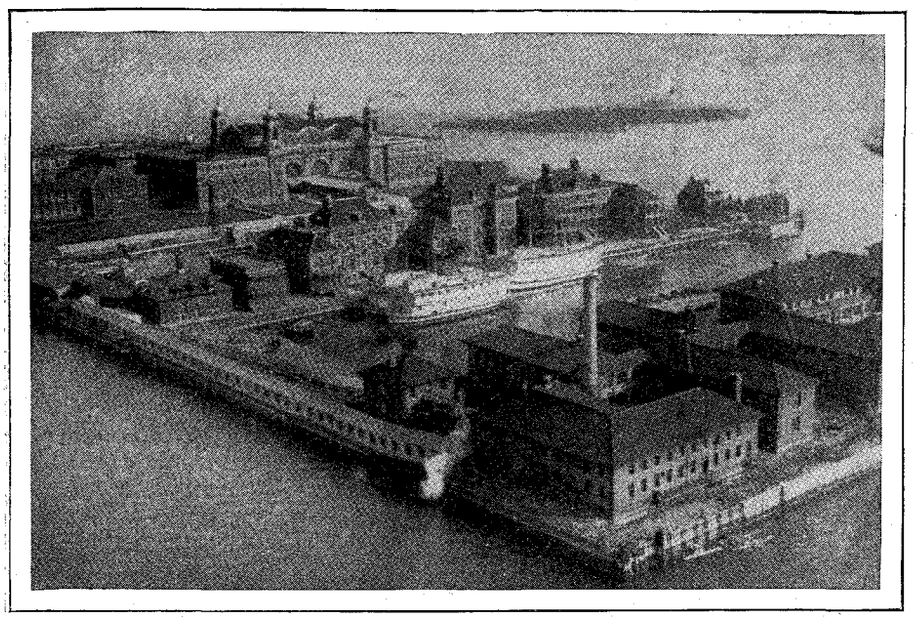
of life in war-wrecked Europe, are eager to enroll themselves as loyal citizens of the Union.

Last summer I spent three months in Europe, and in the seven countries visited I found this desire on the part of a large number of earnest, energetic persons who, no doubt, would be an asset to our National life.

On the other hand, my investigation, which included discussions of this question with American representatives in the various ports from which our largest immigration comes, also with American consular agents in the interior, led me to believe that certain foreign governments most affected by the Red menace were actually helping to finance such immigration to this country.

A short time ago I visited Ellis Island to see for myself the class of immigrants now coming here; and to say that I was appalled by the class we are now getting is stating it mildly. Two other members of Congress accompanied me, and we were agreed that only a very small percentage could be assimilated without lowering our present standard, and that is something we must guard against.

For the most part they were unskilled laborers who would only aggravate the economic life of our already overcrowded cities and the very serious problem of unemployment which now exists in every large municipality. Most of these immigrants come from southern Europe, and they had no further plan or ambition than to settle down in large cities, with relatives, and eke out the best sort of living that an uncertain future with lack of training and education could provide them. If there is anything that we should endeavor to prevent, it is this sort of programme for those who come here. Our cities are already overcrowded, and unemployment is to-day a very serious problem with us. Accordingly, by confining immigration to the agricultural class, we would change the situation materially by preventing further congestion in the cities and at the same time increasing agricultural production, which, in turn, would lower the cost of living.



International

"ELLIS ISLAND, THE MAIN GATE OF ENTRY INTO THIS COUNTRY"

Anarchism thrives and flourishes in the slums of the large cities, where poverty, filth, and squalor go hand in hand. These three conditions are handmaidens of congestion and overcrowding and are fertile soil for the propagation of Bolshevism, Communism, and other doctrines that seek to destroy the present order. While it is doubtless true that many of the Anarchists who come through our gates were of that belief before coming here, I am firmly convinced that a very large percentage of the men and women who express a contempt for constitutional government have joined the forces for world revolution only after bitter economic experience here. One reason for this is their great disappointment in the country after a few years' residence here. Responsible for this in a large

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THESE SLAVIC WOMEN FROM A FARMING REGION ARE BOUND, NOT FOR AMERICAN FARMS, BUT FOR COAL MINING TOWNS

measure are the steamship agents, who hold out glowing pictures and false hopes, and the more clever of their compatriots, who, having found a pleasing prosperity here, return to their native land with what to them seem like all the ear-marks of prosperity, such as modish clothing, plenty of money to all appearances, and an air of elegance which fascinates the gullible.

"Well," argues the dissatisfied one, "if Tony or Jake can accomplish all this, why shouldn't we go to America and become rich too?" Perhaps they do not possess the business acumen and great vitality and vision that their successful brothers had who made good here, and after a few unhappy years of living in dark, crowded, noisy tenements, and slaving in even darker and more loathsome sweatshops or factories, their bitter disillusion determines their affiliation with the Red army. Somehow or other, they feel that they have been deceived in the promises or vision of the promised land and turn to anarchy to express their contempt for this and all other forms of government.

This is merely one of the results of our stupidity in allowing such overcrowding in the big cities.

Reviewing the situation from every angle, I can reach no other conclusion than that immigration to this country for the next few years should be confined almost exclusively to those who would come here with the intention of going onto the land, either as independent farmers or as helpers. It is my judgment that this is the only class that can prove a distinct asset to our National and economic life at the present time.

Mention America to most of the prospective immigrants in Europe, and they mutter "New York." Mention Minnesota, Iowa, or Illinois, and they take it that you are talking about some foreign land of which they have never heard.

Through our American representatives in Europe I believe that special literature giving information of the States where home-making opportunities are to be found should be distributed among those who plan to come here to make their home. If necessary, we could afford actually to help this class of immigrants. Think of the thousands of abandoned farms in the East and South and the millions of acres that lie in the Middle and Far West for the want of some one to work them. What would it not be worth to us in dollars and cents to place all our vacant lands under cultivation?

The land question in many parts of Europe to-day is aggravating the spirit of unrest that is to be found everywhere on that continent. We can satisfy that craving for land. There is plenty to be had, and there is also plenty of work to be had on our farms and ranches. This would solve the labor problem to a large extent on the farms and result in cheaper production, lowering the cost of living.

I believe the Government should undertake some plan of distributing immigration so that it could be placed to the best possible advantage to this country. A wise policy of distribution would prevent congestion, and the gathering of too many of one nationality in a certain community would be obviated, thereby making their Americanization the easier. A system of distribution must be inaugurated and adhered to if we are to protect ourselves against this onslaught of foreign invasion which not only threatens our peaceful and economic life, but also the bulwarks of democracy as well.

(C) Keystone

FRIENDS AND RELATIVES AT BATTERY PARK, NEW YORK, WAITING TO GO TO ELLIS ISLAND TO GREET INCOMING ALIENS

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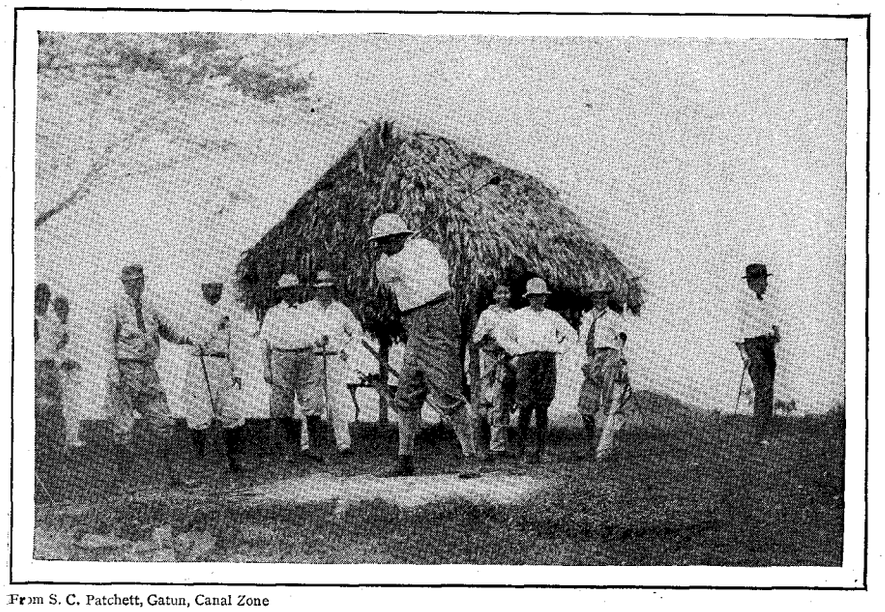
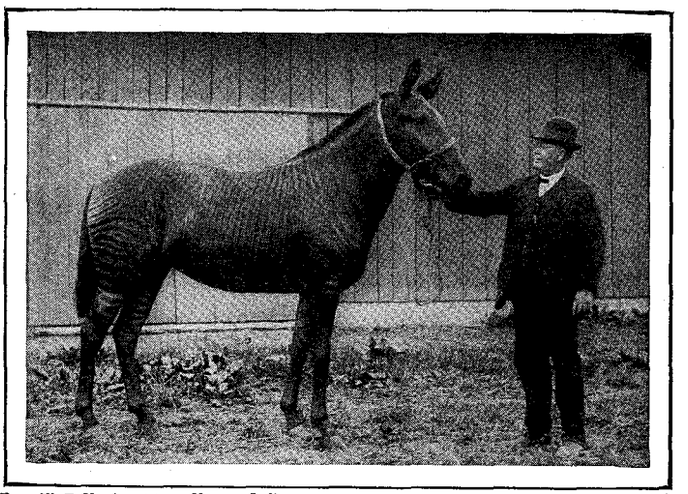
PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS



From S. C. Patchett, Gatun, Canal Zone

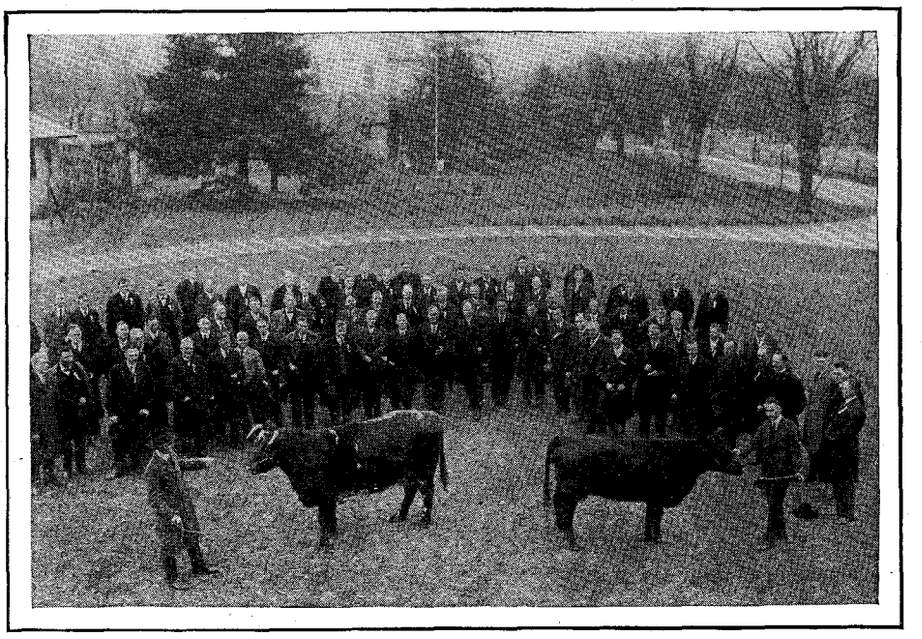
PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING MAKING A DRIVE AT THE PANAMA GOLF CLUB



From W. E. Hasting, Mount Vernon, Indiana

A "ZEBROID"—A CROSS BETWEEN HORSE AND ZEBRA

This zebroid, we are told by the sender of the photograph, was sired by an imported zebra stallion, the dam being an ordinary farm mare. The zebroid, Dr. Hasting states, has more endurance and heat-resisting power than any other animal he ever worked on the farm



From W. E. Stone, Lafayette, Indiana

THE GOVERNOR AND LEGISLATURE OF ARKANSAS INSPECTING CATTLE

The enterprising lawmakers of Arkansas recently journeyed by special train to four or five of the leading agricultural colleges of the Middle West in order to study the latest developments of scientific research in agriculture. They are here seen while at Purdue University inspecting the mothers of international champion steers, bred by the institution

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

FOUR BOOKS REVIEWED

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

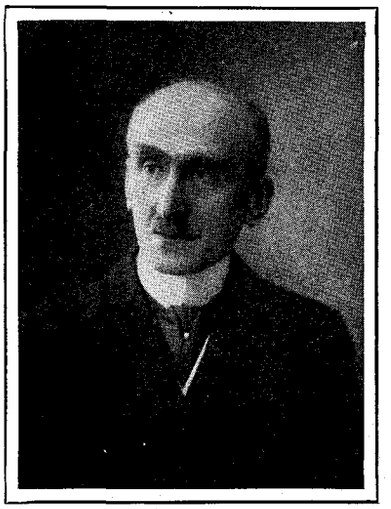
MR. BERGSON'S best-known book indicates by its title, "Creative Evolution," the quality which has caused him to be eagerly welcomed by religious thinkers. Creative is a word of theology; evolution is a word of science. The combination of the two indicates a man who is both a theologian and a scientist; who is familiar both with the facts concerning the material world which scientific observation has given to us and with the life of the spirit of man as it has been studied and interpreted by prophetic minds. He sees with unusual clearness both the outer and the inner world, the world of matter and the world of the spirit, and believes that there is no real conflict between them, though they are quite different and must be investigated by different methods. The student who lacks either the time or the training to study Mr. Bergson's larger and more difficult work will find in this volume of essays[1] clues not difficult to understand and profitable to follow. Professor Bergson has convictions and the courage of them, as witness this sentence taken from the first paragraph of his address on accepting the presidency of the Society for Psychical Research: "Still more than the ingenuity and the penetration, still more than the unwearying perseverance with which you have continued your course, I admire the courage which it has required, especially during the first years, to struggle against the prejudices of a great part of the scientific world and to brave the mockery which strikes fear into the boldest breast." This is to challenge the scorn of that considerable school of unscientific scientists who scoff at the investigation of psychic phenomena because to investigate them is to deny the unscientific assumption that such phenomena cannot exist.

. . .

The four Gospels are not biographies; they are memorabilia. In them very little attention is paid to chronology. This volume[2] is a connected and continuous biography. The author assumes the truth of the miraculous birth and the bodily resurrection and all the intermediate miracles. He does not discuss, he interprets. If he solves no questions, he raises none. His narrative is plain, simple, understandable, but not marked by either remarkable scholarship or remarkable insight. It will add nothing to the scholar's knowledge of either the life or the character of Christ, but will be profitable to the reader because it puts the familiar narrative in a new dress. The illustrations are original and striking.

. . .

Bertrand Russell is not a clear thinker. For example, in his preface he says: "I believe that communism is necessary to the world, and I believe that the heroism of Russia has fired men's hopes in a way which was essential to the realization of communism in the future." But he thinks that the method of Bolshevism is bad: "I do not believe that by this method a stable or desirable form of communism can be established." Yet throughout the book[3] Bolshevism is treated as a fanaticism, and "fanatics are seldom genuinely humane, and those who sincerely dread cruelty will be slow to accept a fanatical creed." Thus it is really the *spirit* of Bolshevism not its method that Mr. Russell condemns, and he substitutes *method* for *spirit* without knowing that he has done so. The chief value of this book lies in the fact that it is



HENRI BERGSON

a condemnation of the spirit of Bolshevism by one whose prejudices for its avowed principles would naturally make him its apologist if not its defender.

. . .

The Book of Job is regarded by most modern scholars as a drama, an interpretation embodied for English readers in Professor Genung's volume entitled "An Epic of the Inner Life." This view Professor Jastrow rejects. The Biblical books, he says, are not to be regarded as literary units composed by some individual at some specific time. "As a matter of fact, with the possible single exception of the Book of Esther, which is a propagandist romance that may not be earlier than 100 B.C., there is not a book of the Old Testament that can be assigned to any individual author, as none represents in its present form a genuine literary unity. . . . The composition of Job, dating in its earliest form from the period before the contact with Greek culture, was produced under the time-honored method, prevalent throughout the ancient East, of anonymous and composite authorship." He regards the book as "a symposium, not a drama," and offers a new translation in which the separate poems of which it is a composite are indicated. Job has been classed by modern critics with such world dramas as the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, the "Faust" of Goethe, and the "Hamlet" of Shakespeare. We do not easily consent to the loss of so great a dramatic poem; but Professor Jastrow endeavors to reconcile the reader to this loss by insisting that both "the sympathetic portrayal of the inner struggle of a troubled soul" and "the overcoming of this struggle by a supreme effort of faith to rise superior to it through the concentration of our thought on the larger manifestations of mysterious forces at work in the universe can still find a response." Whether that response will be as prompt and as complete for those who accept Professor Jastrow's theory of a composite authorship as for those to whom the Book of Job comes as the work of one inspired genius who saw clearly and portrayed frankly the insoluble problem of sin and suffering may well be doubted. Professor Jastrow's view will have to overcome not only traditional prejudice but also strong emotional attachment to the older view. But his volume[4] is one which students of the Bible cannot ignore.

[1] Mind-Energy. By Henri Bergson. Translated by H. Wildon Carr. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

[2] The Life of Christ. By the Rev. G. Robinson Lees, B.A. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

[3] Bolshevism; Practice and Theory. By Bertrand Russell. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.

[4] The Book of Job. By Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

THE NEW BOOKS

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

Pilgrim (The). Vol. I, No. 1. A Review of Christian Politics and Religion. Edited by William Temple. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Published in this Tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims, the reader not unnaturally expects to find in this new "Review" an exposition of the theology of the Pilgrim Fathers. What he does find is an exposition of the theology from which they escaped. It promises to furnish to the student a modern and able interpretation and advocacy of the theological and ecclesiastical views which characterized the Oxford movement of the last century. It is, however, difficult to judge of a periodical by the first number, and future issues may correct a first impression.

Short History of Belgium (A). By Leon van der Essen, Ph.D., LL.D. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago.

No nation played a prouder part in the war and no nation has come back more nobly to the demands of peace than has Belgium. All readers, young and old, will want to be informed about that country, and this book admirably fills such a need.

POETRY

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1920 and Year-Book of American Poetry. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Mr. Braithwaite in this year's "Anthology" continues the steady improvement which has gone on year after year in his annual compilations of the work of American poets. He has rendered a real service to American poetry by his conscientious research within this field and by his devoted labor as a critic and student of American verse.

As a book of reference the volume suffers somewhat from the fact that several well-known magazines are not represented in the attached bibliography. The absence of these magazines is not to be laid at Mr. Braithwaite's door. We wish that American editors generally would co-operate more fully with Mr. Braithwaite than they have done in the past by sending him such issues of their magazines as contain poetry. Poetry lovers might help by send-

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ing Mr. Braithwaite individual poems which appeal to their judgment, and poets themselves would contribute to the value of Mr. Braithwaite's volume as a reference book if they would send to its compiler copies of their poems as they appear. Mr. Braithwaite's volume is so useful that we dislike to see it fall short of its complete opportunity.

POETRY

Book of Humorous Verse (The). Compiled by Carolyn Wells. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

An extensive anthology of poems of humor, English and American, classified under such titles as Cynicism, Banter, The Eternal Feminine, Parody, Nonsense, and so on. It contains many scores of familiar poems, from "Sally in Our Alley" down to "The Purple Cow." There are also a large number of fun-provoking efforts little known, many of them by our old friend Anonymous. Carolyn Wells was just the right person to make this collection, and she has done the work well.

Contemporary Verse Anthology. Favorite Poems Selected from the Magazine "Contemporary Verse" 1916–1920. Introduction by Charles Wharton Stork. E. P. Dutton & Co., York.

The poems in this volume are selected from issues of "Contemporary Verse," the poetry magazine edited by Charles Wharton Stork. "Contemporary Verse" has seemed to us a magazine of very uneven quality. The selections from it which appear in this volume, however, are, in the main, chosen with discrimination and taste.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

American Towns and People. By Harrison Rhodes. Illustrated. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

The unusually discriminating comment of this book is matched by exceptionally good pictures. People who live in the "towns" described will not always relish the characterizations, but they will always be interested in them.

Chance and Change in China. By A. S. Roe. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

China the Mysterious and Marvelous. By Victor Murdock. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

Two books have appeared on changing China. The first is no political or economic review. It is a book about everyday existence as lived there. It shows that millions of Chinese are only superficially touched by the profound political changes of years. We have a description of ancient customs into which but slight change has crept and about old ideas, especially those concerning women, which are now, we hope, becoming somewhat modified. The second book, by the well-known ex-Congressman, now Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, is also graphic in description. The volume is, like the other, picturesque and instructive, and indicates with the breezy conversational style of a Kansan how, after resisting change for forty centuries, China is at last changing.

WAR BOOKS

Dover Patrol (The). 1915–1917. By Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon. 2 vols. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

These bulky volumes smack of the sea. They constitute a worthy memorial to the Dover Patrol. For two years Admiral Bacon was in command of it. The patrol was a monument to British naval genius. Few of us knew at the time that the naval forces protecting the English Channel were meager. The whole account shows the author as a very human character and a typical British sea dog.

Average Americans. By Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

One of the best records of individual experience in the war is this book from the pen of the son of the late ex-President. It is human, readable, and contains the record of a most unusual experience.

Fifty Years in the Royal Navy. By Admiral Sir Percy Scott, Bt. Illustrations. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

This work will be prized by every student of naval history. The recent development of the British navy covers a period from the time when warships were under sail to the present time when we talk of superdreadnoughts and submarines. It has been, coincidentally, a period of struggle against conservative Admiralty officialism, and some of the struggle has been waged by men happily still living, like Lords Fisher and Jellicoe, Admirals Scott and Bacon. Especially has this been true of Sir Percy Scott, a foremost advocate of gunnery reform. He was finally able to equip the ships of the British navy with his "Director Firing" invention, an equipment which, it is believed, saved the Grand Fleet at the battle of Jutland. So much for the past. What of the future? The "battleship is more alive than ever," say some. "She is dead," say others, like Sir Percy Scott. Hear him as he speaks in his "Fifty Years in the Royal Navy:"

> Before the war I regarded the superbattleship as dead, and I think it more dead now, if that is possible. . . . She is vulnerable to aircraft . . . and to submarines. . . .
> The future is with the airship. . . .
> Probably we shall also have submersible battleships.
> What chance will the surface battleship have?

From Serbia to Jugoslavia. By Gordon Gordon-Smith. Preface by Dr. Slavko Grouitch. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The collapse of the Serbian army before the German and Bulgarian invasion in 1915 is vividly set forth in these pages. In the author's opinion, Allied policy played a poor part in the Balkans. He declares that if the Allies had sent an early expeditionary force to Serbia both Greece and Rumania would have taken up arms against the Central Powers. Certainly Serbia cannot be blamed for the *débâcle* of 1915. The book is of absorbing interest.

Germany After the Armistice. By Maurice Berger. Preface by Baron Beyens. Translated by William L. McPherson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This volume is the narrative of a Belgian engineer based on the personal testimony of representative Germans. M. Berger was the first Allied military man sent to Berlin after the signing of the armistice. In this book he sets down his interesting discoveries gained from personal interviews with many former German war lords. The work is of value to the students of the strategy of war.

SPORT AND ATHLETICS

Idyl of the Split Bamboo (The). By George Parker Holden, M.D., F.A.C.S. Illustrated. The Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati.

This is not merely or mainly a panegyric about the angler's joys, as the title might seem to imply. Though the book strongly appeals to the fisherman of literary and artistic tastes, its chapters are largely devoted to details of practical interest to the most technically minded fisherman. Both the expert and the tyro will find good fishing in these attractive pages.

MISCELLANEOUS

Abandoned Farmers (The). By Irvin S. Cobb. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

"The Abandoned Farmers" represents Mr. Cobb at his happiest. It is the story of an attempt to build a country home upon an abandoned farm—a problem doubtless familiar to the contemporaries of Cato and Varro, but a "tale that is always new" to those who are confronted with the task of establishing a home beyond the city walls. An agriculturist has been defined as a man who makes his money in the city and spends it in the country, while a farmer has been defined as the reverse of an agriculturist. Mr. Cobb belongs decidedly to the former class. Fortunately for him, he is a man who is able to coin any experience into literary material. Doubtless this book will go down in history as the most successful crop which he ever raised on his farm.

Great Adventure of Panama (The). By Philippe Bunau-Varilla. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

The Germans have apparently played a larger part than we realize with the opening of a canal between the Atlantic and Pacific. Not only France but also Germany wanted to possess a great channel of world communication by constructing a trans-isthmian canal across either Panama or Nicaragua. In this volume M. Bunau-Varilla contends that this ambition on the part of Germany may be traced to Bismarck and his aggressive Prussian policy of gradual conquest. It had been shown in the wars with Denmark, Austria, and France. He even blames it for Napoleon III's action in Mexico; that action did much to determine the result of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and, as Napoleon's policy in Mexico had adversely affected French morale, Prussian victory was thus the more easily won. Up to the beginning of the present century Americans had been obsessed by the advantages of the Nicaraguan route. As to the Panaman, the Germans foresaw that the concessions from Colombia to the French would lapse through non-fulfillment. Thus Germany's turn would come. So it might have come but for one man, who by forceful argument in influential quarters turned American prejudice from Nicaragua to Panama, formed a new Panama company, and so molded conditions that when Panama appealed to America "to be protected against Colombia's tyranny and greed" it was natural for our President to say, "I took Panama because Bunau-Varilla brought it to me on a silver platter." It was appropriate that the real creator of Panama should be later Ambassador of the new Republic to the United States and that John Hay should negotiate and sign the treaty guaranteeing our rights of construction and control of the Canal. Mr. Hay said to him: "It is not often given to any man to render such a service to two countries and to the civilized world as you have done." Certainly his is a name we think of first when we think of the Panama Canal, and hence anything he has to say on that subject, as in this volume, is sure to command wide attention.

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

DR. C. WARD CRAMPTON read in The Outlook for December 1 the controversy, "Is the Athlete an Ass?" dropped everything else, hunted up Mr. Pulsifer and Mr. Fuessle, and began to show the one where he was too easy on the easy chair and the other where even his argument for violent exercise might be strengthened. In his own contribution to the controversy he writes, not as an excited amateur, but as a knowing professional. He was formerly Director of Physical Education, Athletics, and Hygiene of the Department of Education, New York City; Secretary of the Public Schools Athletic League; and President of the National Society of Normal Schools of Physical Education. He is widely known as an investigator of blood pressure and measurement of physical condition, growth, and adolescence. He was for two years Director of Physical Exercise at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. At the Olympic Games of 1914 he was awarded the gold medal for scientific research in exercise.

NEWTON FUESSLE, the author of "Sunset," is the same Fuessle that started the athletic controversy. He is greatly impressed with New York. He once lived in Chicago. Readers are warned that The Outlook is not responsible for their inference.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT is President of The Outlook Company.

HAROLD KNUTSON, of Minnesota, who is the Majority Whip in the House of Representatives, recently visited Europe for the purpose of studying conditions rising out of the war, and the Exclusion Bill reported to the House on the opening day of Congress is largely based on information gathered by himself and other members of the Immigration Committee during the summer recess of Congress.

MRS. MARGARET SHIRLEY, who writes from Rheims, lives in Brooklyn, where her father was a well-known entomologist. Mrs. Shirley, while on a visit to her daughter, Dr. Alice Flood (a graduate of Michigan University and once attached to Bellevue Hospital), house physician at the American Memorial Hospital, gathered the data contained in this article. Her stay of two months, in daily contact with the hospital staff, gave her exceptional opportunity of becoming acquainted with the work inside and outside the hospital.

THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

Courtesy of the White Company

TRUCK AT WORK AT ROAD BUILDING IN OHIO

INCREASING TRAFFIC DEMANDS MORE HIGHWAYS

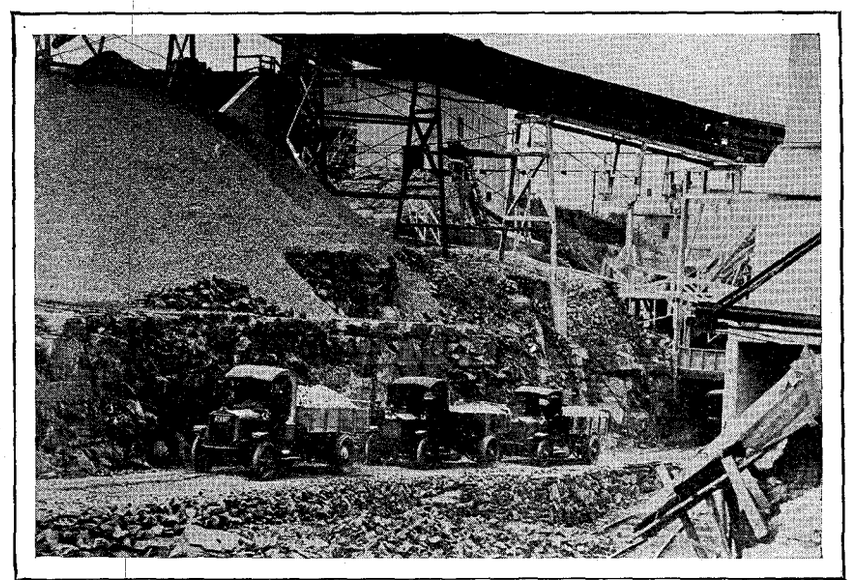
EVERYBODY knows that good roads cost money. What is not so well known, though equally true, is that it also costs money *not* to build good roads. To hasten to the point, it has been estimated—and conservatively, too—that a waste of $500,000,000 annually can be directly attributed to unimproved roads in America.

Money spent in building good roads comes back in earnings from the completed roads, but money lost because of unimproved roads is forever gone.

The subject of improving the highways is one of growing importance. For instance, against 259,000 miles of railway available for transportation and 15,000 miles of inland waterways, there are 2,753,000 miles of highways in this country representing the transportation mileage available for the motor car. And recently motor transports have taken a tremendous jump in importance as carriers of freight. Motor-vehicle registration figures show an increase of more than a million and one-half cars since July 1, 1919. There are now nearly 8,000,000 automobiles and trucks in the United States. Motor trucks have increased in number by 300,000 within the last year.

If highway transportation is to assume the position which recent developments indicate it will, more miles of improved highways are imperative. To this fact there are signs of an awakening appreciation. Approximately $1,000,000,000 is now available for good roads building in the United States. Serious proposals have been made to add another billion to this amount, making a grand total of virtually $2,000,000,000 available for the building of good roads in the United States within the next five years.

This gigantic sum, it is estimated, will pay for more than 66,000 miles of the finest hard roads yet built on this side of the Atlantic—a mileage equal to one-fourth of the total railway mileage of the entire country, exceeding the total mileage of the eight largest railway systems in the United States, and one-half again as large



Courtesy of the White Company

ROAD CONSTRUCTION IN ONONDAGA COUNTY, NEW YORK

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

At the Gate; The Incomparable Migration

FOR what reasons do modern nations place restrictions on those who may seek admission to their shores?

Must each person going out of or coming into this country secure a passport before doing so? What new passport requirements has Congress laid down since our entrance into the war?

What would be some of the most serious results of uncontrolled immigration?

What are your reasons for approving or disapproving of the Immigration Bill introduced into Congress by Congressman Johnson?

Why don't our immigrants go to the farms? Do you think it would be fair and just to restrict immigration to those who are willing to work on our farms?

Do you think it possible to have a *permanent* immigration policy? If so, what would its leading features be?

In determining what to do with those waiting to get within our gate, should we consider merely our own interests? What reasons have you for your answer?

If immigrants are disappointed in America, who is to blame? What do you think we ought to do with those immigrants who are thoroughly dissatisfied with America and its institutions?

What reasons have you for agreeing or disagreeing with what Dr. Abbott says in his editorial entitled "At the Gate"?

Define accurately the following expressions: *Stereotyped, anarchy, rabbis, proselytes, gullible, business acumen.*

Two excellent books to read on this problem are "Democracy and Assimilation," by Julius Drachsler (Macmillan), and "Schooling the Immigrant," by F. V. Thompson (Harpers).

The Drama on Strings

What are puppet shows? Of what value do you consider them?

What does the writer of this editorial mean when he refers to "those mechanical elaborations which American ingenuity has brought to the aid (or the suffocation) of the legitimate drama"?

What are the essentials of drama?

Tell, with reasons, what dramas you like best.

Do you think Americans lack dramatic imagination? What evidence have you for answering this question as you do?

A very good book to read in connection with this topic is that by Helen H. Joseph entitled "A Book of Marionettes" (B. W. Huebsch, New York).

Democracy in the Home

Is that which Mrs. Place describes on another page democracy?

Do you know of any home which is managed as the one referred to in this article is managed? If so, compare the results with those given by Mrs. Place.

What is a family budget? Of what value is such a budget?

In your opinion, has the writer of this article given a good definition of the expression "the community"? Do you know of a better one?

Is it easy to determine the limits of individual welfare and general welfare? What fundamental principles should determine the limits?

Are you going to practice in your home the system of management described by Mrs. Place?

A book worth reading in connection with this article is that entitled "Home and Its Management," by M. H. Kittridge (Century).

The Turn in the Tide

What illustrations can you give which tend to prove the fundamental principle which The Outlook on another page expresses in these words, "We advance by a process of approaching the mean through going to extremes"?

The writer of this editorial refers to the Adamson Bill. What are its provisions? Some consider it class legislation. Do you? Was its passage a good thing?

What is meant by the phrase, the labor movement in the United States? What are the aims of this movement? Do you think public sentiment at the present time is against it? Should it be?

Are there any indications that business men are taking advantage of the present situation in industry? If so, are there reasons for believing that they are unwise?

Would or would not America be better off with the open shop?

It would be worth your while to read carefully the following books: "Citizens in Industry," by C. R. Henderson (Appleton); "Economic Principles," by F. A. Fetter (Century); "Mediation, Investigation, and Arbitration in Industrial Disputes," by G. E. Barnett (Appleton); "The Aims of Labor," by Arthur Henderson (Huebsch).

The Farmers' Strike

Do you blame the farmers for refusing to sell their wheat at present market prices?

Would it be good economics to have the Federal Government guarantee farmers at least the cost price of producing wheat and other farm products?

The Outlook sees no reason why it is not just as reasonable for farmers to strike as for bricklayers and printers. Do you agree with the position taken by The Outlook?

What, in your opinion, is the matter with farming in this country?

It would be well, indeed, for American citizens to read "Helping Men Own Farms," by Elwood Mead (Macmillan), and "The Place of Agriculture in Reconstruction," by J. B. Norman (Dutton).

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them. —THE EDITORS.

THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

(*Continued from page 769*)

as the total distances covered by the combined electric railways of the country.

According to figures compiled by Governmental agencies, there are approximately 650 short-line railways in the United States. These are roads not exceeding one hundred miles in length. Their extent is 16,000 miles. Four hundred and seventeen are less than twenty-five miles in length, and even more interesting is the fact that about 160 are less than ten miles in length.

The investment represented by this mileage of railway construction and maintenance is greatly in excess of what truck installation would cost. That short-line operation has been a heavy millstone around the neck of the railways is an open secret. Eventually, it has been predicted, short lines will place their freight and passenger business on a paying basis by converting their roundhouses and shops into garages, scrapping their rails, and transforming their roadbeds into modern motor-truck highways.

When the great road-building programme now formulating is finally launched, motor trucks will play an important rôle in building the very highways which they later will traverse as industry's beasts of burden. Of thirty thousand motor cars and trucks already serving the various departments of the forty-eight State governments in the United States, twenty-three thousand are used in carrying out the programmes of the various States for improving their highways.

The State Road Commission of Utah, for example, rents trucks from its fleet of seven to counties in the State for use in road-building work. Depreciation of trucks is fixed at so much per day and rental is made to cover depreciation only. The counties also stand the cost of repairs, oil, and gasoline during the time the trucks are in their service.

The case of Utah is typical. Motor trucks help first to build the roads, then they will help make them profitable.

Use

RESINOL

for a clear skin and good hair

For a skin that is excessively oily, and has coarse, clogged pores, or one that is disfigured by an annoying eruption, there is nothing better than RESINOL. Bathe first with RESINOL SOAP then apply RESINOL OINTMENT and you can be reasonably sure of a speedy and remarkable improvement.

Resinol Soap used regularly for the shampoo tends to keep the hair lustrous and the scalp free from dandruff. Where there is already a serious accumulation of dandruff, part the hair and rub Resinol Ointment well into the scalp some time before shampooing. *At all druggists.*

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